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PERSONAL JOURNAL

OF

# SIEGE OF LUCKNOW.

BY

CAPTAIN E. P. ANDERSON,

25TH REGT.

*Commanding an Outpost during the Siege.*

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A PERSONAL JOURNAL  
OF THE  
SIEGE OF LUCKNOW.

BY CAPTAIN R. P. ANDERSON,  
*25th Regt., N.I.,*  
COMMANDING AN OUTPOST,

AUTHOR OF THE "TRANSLATION OF THE GOOL-I-BAKAWLI,"  
&c., &c.

EDITED, WITH A PREFACE AND INTRODUCTION,

By T. CARNEGIE ANDERSON,  
LIEUT. *12th Regt. N.I.*

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LONDON:  
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1858.

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"Ne cede malis,  
Sed contra audentior ito."—VIRGIL.

(Do not yield to misfortunes, but advance to meet them with  
greater fortitude.)

TO VIRGIL  
ADMONITION

HENRY MORSE STEPHENS

Extract from BRIGADIER INGLIS's Despatch, dated Lucknow, September 26, 1857 :—

“At Captain Anderson's post they also came boldly forward with scaling ladders, which they planted against the wall; but here, as elsewhere, they were met with the most indomitable resolution, and the leaders being slain, the rest fled, leaving the ladders, and retreated to their batteries and loopholed defences, from whence they kept up, for the rest of the day, an unusually heavy cannonade and musketry fire.”

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# DEDICATION.

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TO THE MEMORY

OF THE LATE

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK, K.C.B.

---

I FEEL sure I consult the wish of my brother in dedicating the records of this memorable siege to the memory of the gallant and lamented Sir Henry Havelock, *the Tutor* of the garrison, and *the Ultor* of our murdered friends and relatives. It was to his energy and dauntless bravery that the first news of relief was brought, on the 25th September, 1857; and though the removal of the sick, wounded, &c., &c., was not accomplished till the 22nd of November, still all the praise was due to the first gallant band of 2,500 men under Havelock, which, notwithstanding the armed hosts opposed to it, fought its way through them to our suffering countrymen's relief.

General Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B., lived not

to hear that his country had rewarded him. His spirit passed to a higher tribunal, to be judged for all that the man had done during an eventful life. He breathed his last on the 24th November, 1857. To his memory the following pages are dedicated.

The author thus wrote, in mentioning the news of their first relief:—"We were very glad, I assure you, to see the first relieving force under Havelock and Outram. They saved us, as we were getting very weak in numbers; but their force was small; and after fighting its way into Lucknow, it could not get out with us, as we had so many ladies, children, and treasure in cash."

THE EDITOR.



## On the Death of Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B.,

Who died at Lucknow of dysentery, brought on from over  
fatigue and anxiety, November 24, 1857.

"O let the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners come before thee : according to the greatness of thy power, preserve thou those that are appointed to die."—Psa. lxxix., ver. 12.

The funeral rite is over,  
The mighty spirit's fled ;  
A nation mourns in sadness,  
Brave Havelock is dead.  
The vital spark is extinct,  
We shall see his face no more ;  
And we, who lately worshipped him,  
His great loss now deplore !  
Oh ! speak the word but softly,  
For our bosoms sore have bled ;  
A nation's woes are outpour'd,  
Great Havelock is dead.  
The Hero of so many fights  
Is dead, and great's our grief,  
'Twas he who earned the laurel,  
And to Lucknow brought relief.  
When those we lov'd were struggling  
With foes, and worse, with death ;  
'Twas he who saved them to us—  
Now he's breath'd his latest breath.  
But we'll reverence his memory,  
Say how gallantly he led ;  
The foremost in a dozen fights—  
Brave Havelock is dead.  
Oh ! speak the word but softly,  
For our grief is new and great ;  
We shall hear no more of Havelock,  
Whose deeds our hearts elate.  
We have lost him at a moment  
When he'd gained the hope of years—  
Distinction—hard-fought, dearly-earn'd,  
And now we mourn in tears—  
The loss of one, whose very name,  
Like Gilead's soothing balm,  
Brought comfort to the heart of all,  
And direst pain could calm.  
Oh ! speak the word but softly,  
That mighty spirit's fled :  
A nation mourns in sadness—  
Great Havelock—is dead !

T. C. ANDERSON,  
(Lieut. 12th Regt. Bengal Army.)

## INTRODUCTION.

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THE Editor deems it necessary to make a few remarks by way of introduction to this narrative of the Siege of Lucknow, in order to the right understanding of it. Captain Anderson was placed in command of an outpost, which was situated in his own house ; and had under his command eighteen men and one subaltern officer, making his force consist of twenty men, including himself ; and yet, with this little Band, he held his place for five months, notwithstanding there were nine (9-pounder) guns playing on his house day and night.

There never was such a siege as that of Lucknow ; nor can history furnish anything approaching a parallel to it, either in the extraordinary circumstances of its siege, or the bravery of its garrison, including that of the

ladies and women shut up there. The Spartan women of old were celebrated in having cut off their hair to make bow-strings for their husbands, but the heroism of our sisters at Lucknow surpasses any of their deeds.

When we reflect on the privations and horrors to which they were subjected, one can hardly believe that it is not from a long dream that we have awakened. Hope was so long deferred, that we had truly almost numbered the heroic little garrison with the dead. Let Britons feel proud of their countrymen and women, and remember, whenever dangers threaten them, that the same God, who watched over our relatives at Lucknow, ever watches over us, and nerves the weak heart in the hour of trial, and always defends the right. Too much credit cannot be awarded them for their endurance during all the trials of those five months. Each member of that garrison should receive the Victoria Cross, as a memorial of Her Majesty's favour, and in recognition of their bravery.

I commit these pages to the Public, earnestly trusting that they may receive a favourable reception, and that any faults may be attributed to me, and not to the Author, whose time was very limited for writing, besides being much harassed by sickness and grief.

T. C. ANDERSON.

*Feb. 22nd, 1858.*

## PREFACE.

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THE incidents related in the following pages are from the commencement of the siege to its termination, on the relief of the garrison by the force under Sir Colin Campbell. Captain Anderson was subsequently appointed to the Commissariat charge of the Division, under Colonel Grant, sent to Bithoor; but ill health has so shaken his constitution, that he purposes visiting England immediately. Colonel Grant, in his despatch, attests to the value of the services of Captain Anderson, which were "very arduous." In order to give the Public the earliest benefit of his notes, I have deemed it right to publish them in their present form,

though the style might have been improved, had there been sufficient time to re-write the journal.

LONDON,  
*February, 1858.*

P.S.—Additional copies of Captain Anderson's Journal of the Siege of Lucknow being required, I have taken the opportunity of correcting a few errors which escaped observation during the rapid printing of the earlier copies.

*March, 1858.*

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A PERSONAL JOURNAL  
OF THE  
SIEGE OF LUCKNOW.

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CHAPTER I.

FOR many months before affairs had reached that fearful state, to which this narrative alludes, most people might have observed the surly and sinister glances of the natives of Lucknow, as well as those of our Sepoys, who were on duty at the Residency, in the city. For my own part, I felt satisfied that *something* was about to occur, and I did not hesitate to state my opinion openly ; moreover, at a later period, I urged the necessity of some steps being taken to collect our Oude Pensioners, so as to have a body of men able to oppose our Sepoys, should they attempt to give trouble ; but, as to the *extent* to which the Bengal mutiny finally reached, I imagine few individuals had formed any opinion. Whilst affairs were

in this state, and during the time that various daily occurrences seemed to prognosticate evil, the mind of a great and generous man was at work—that man was Sir Henry Lawrence, the Chief Commissioner at Lucknow, by whose wonderful foresight the little garrison of the said place was eventually saved from total annihilation ;—when I say annihilation, I mean that such would most probably have been the awful result, had Sir Henry not laid up a vast supply of grain. If we had run short before relief arrived, we should have had to retreat on Cawnpore ; and with our sick, wounded, ladies and children, I think any reasonable person will admit such would have been totally impossible.

Although almost every thinking European in the place must have, more or less, observed the signs of the times, few, I imagine, ever supposed that what they then saw was but one symptom of that great Mutiny, which extended from Calcutta to the Punjab, and finally shook the foundation of our immense Indian empire to its very base. At this critical conjuncture, Sir Henry Lawrence proved himself a man of consummate wisdom, and an indivi-



dual ably fitted for the emergency : he acted with caution, and without creating the least alarm, he calmly prepared for the coming struggle. Business was regularly carried on in the public offices up to the latest moment ; but, at the same time, great warlike preparations were in progress at the Residency, the spot chosen to be the place where the European inhabitants were to make their "grand stand." Earth-works and defences were thrown up, and, as far as time and circumstances would permit, the whole position was strengthened by batteries, ditches, and stockades ; besides this, ammunition was collected, guns were brought in, and last, not least, grain in vast abundance was stored within our intrenchments. Notwithstanding all these ample arrangements, I am sorry to add, that some individuals have hinted that "more *might* have been done ;" however, had their opinions been taken *before* the curtain of futurity was drawn up, I have no doubt that their foresight would have been found about on a par with that of a certain personage of notoriety, who said that an intelligent young civilian was "beside himself," when the individual alluded to wrote in to say

that he had good reason to suppose that his district would be soon up in arms!! I differ entirely with such ungrateful people; and I feel proud to acknowledge that I believe Sir Henry Lawrence (by the aid of a merciful God) was the mortal chosen to be the means of saving the little garrison of Lucknow; and I thank Providence we had such a man at such a fearful time. Long may the memory of this great man rest in the minds of all true Britons. Alas! that he was not spared to revisit his country at the close of such a glorious career.

## CHAPTER II.

AT nine o'clock, p.m., of the 30th May, 1857, the Sepoys at the cantonment four miles from Lucknow broke into open mutiny. The native troops consisted of the 13th, 48th, and 71st regiments of Native Infantry,—the 7th Native Cavalry was at Modkeepore, some miles off.

The firing first commenced at the lines of the 71st N. I. The Europeans were lying under the guns, which opened with grape on the mutineers ; but as the rebels were partially hidden by the huts, few of them were killed. Brigadier Handscomb, although advised not to do so, approached too close to the lines, and was immediately shot. All this took place just as the evening gun fired. Poor Grant of the 71st, who was on duty, was shot at his post ; one man of the guard tried to conceal this officer under a soldier's cot, but to no purpose, he was killed by the rest who came up to the spot. Lieut. Chambers of the 13th N. I. had two very narrow escapes,—he first of all received a

shot-wound, and fell flat on his face, upon which a heavy fire of musketry was opened on him, but most fortunately not a single bullet hit him. With great difficulty Chambers managed to reach his own house, where his servants washed and dressed his wound, and he then immediately mounted his horse, and galloped to the part of the cantonment where the Europeans were located. When doing so, he came upon a body of fifty of the rebels, and he had to charge right through them ; here, again, he was fortunate, he rode through them without receiving a single wound,—of course the darkness alone favoured his escape, as the whole body fired a volley right at him as he passed. After this, the Sepoys went about setting fire to the officers' houses, and all was noise and uproar.

At the Residency, in the city, we were all very anxious ; all that we could see were bright flames rising up from the cantonments, and every now and then we heard the report of a gun, followed by rather sharp musketry fire. Early the next morning I rode up to cantonments, and on the road I met an unfortunate European merchant and his wife. The poor man had an infant in his arms, and his

wife was walking beside him ; he told me that some villagers entered his house, and after insulting both him and his wife, they plundered all his property. These unfortunate people had been in the fields all night, expecting every moment that the villagers would follow up and murder them ; they appeared tired and dirty ; the man had escaped with only his trousers, and he had a rough cloth thrown over his shoulders, but no shirt, shoes, or hat.

On reaching cantonments I found the few men of the native corps (who had remained faithful) all drawn up on their respective parades. The Europeans, with the cavalry and guns, were in advance, and a fire was being kept up on the mutineers, who were in rapid retreat across an open plain. The cavalry did nothing, and were like the rest, in a state of mutiny ;—the greater part, I understand, then and there galloped over to the mutineers. At the lines I saw the bodies of a few of the Sepoys, who had been killed the previous night by grape ; the wounds were frightful—one man had a hole of four inches diameter through his chest, his face was cut open, and he had a broken leg ; all seemed to have died in fearful



agonies. The grain merchants in the Bazar were rushing about, and saying that during the night the mutineers had broken into their shops and plundered all their property ; their mat doors were lying on the ground, here and there were bags for grain, and numerous broken earthenware pots, &c., all proving that their account was but too true. At a well I observed marks of blood, and a bystander told me that a wounded mutineer had crawled there, and being overcome by thirst, and having no cord to draw water, the wretched creature could resist the temptation no longer, so he terminated his miserable existence by throwing himself *into* the well.

During the confusion, and whilst all the military men were at their posts, an officer's wife, with five little children, remained in her house (*i. e.*, whilst the mutineers were setting fire to most of the buildings in the place). She would most certainly have been murdered, had not a noble Seik protected her ; he made her leave the house, and he hid her in the vicinity till he got an opportunity of making her safe over to her husband, who had been absent on duty, having been suddenly called

away when the alarm was given in cantonments. Here, again, we have to thank Sir Henry, as he had previously insisted on all ladies leaving the cantonment, and this person, who now escaped so fortunately, was the only one who remained, thinking that nothing would really occur. If Sir Henry's directions had not been attended to by all the other ladies, the loss of life would have been something very awful.

Just about this period, I was struck with something rather extraordinary that I saw in the city. One evening I was passing through a gateway near the King's palace, and I there observed the head of a half-grown buffalo. It seemed but lately killed; and it was placed with the horns *downwards*, and over the lower jaw, and through the horns, was a garland of small *white* flowers. I mentioned this to some of the residents at Lucknow, but no one seemed to think it was a matter of any importance; but I cannot help thinking that it was one of the many ways in which the fanatic Mussulmen endeavoured to make us detested by the Hindoos. I fancy it was as much as to

say,—“See, the Europeans kill buffaloes in your very streets !”

After all these occurrences, a general rise in the city was fully expected. Men were seen, here and there, with figures dressed up as European children ; and, much to the amusement of the mob, the heads of these dolls were struck off with sword cuts. I was told this by two or three men who actually saw what I now describe. Seditious placards were found stuck up in all the principal streets, calling upon all good Mussulmen and Hindoos to rise and kill the Christians. An unfortunate person, named “ Mendes,” went to his house in the city, and thinking that all was quiet, he fell asleep in an upper room. He had not been there long, when several armed men (supposed to have been some of our police) rushed in and killed him with sword cuts. The body was brought in, and it was indeed fearful to see the way in which it had been cut about. Another old man, who had formerly been in the King of Oude’s service, also got a sword cut, but escaped into the Residency. The body of a female (supposed to be a native Christian)



was brought in, literally cut into four pieces. Reports now spread that the Rajas were collecting all their forces to attack Lucknow; and the general belief amongst the natives in the garrison was, that the Mussulmen had determined on killing every Christian in Oude before the end of the feast of Ramazan.

As a sort of proof of the intentions of the Mussulman population, it is as well to state that they now assembled in immense numbers at all the mosques, and afterwards paraded about the city, to let us see, I imagine, that they mustered very strong. Men were also seized with letters directed to our Sepoys; and our private servants began to complain that the grain merchants and shopkeepers would not supply them with food without getting ready money; and as these people always before trusted our servants for *months*, it was direct proof that the shopkeepers knew what was going to occur. Government paper was selling as low as thirty-seven rupees for the hundred, and even less! One day, a Fakir came up to a European sentry, and after giving him abuse (which the man did not understand), he drew his hand across his *own*

throat, as much as to say that the sentry and the rest of the Europeans would soon be slaughtered. This rascal got 150 lashes for his pains, and was placed in irons at once. Other individuals were seized within our intrenchments, in the very act of altering the elevating screws of our guns. They were also duly punished. Preparations were now made for public executions; the mutineers who were caught were hung at the Muchee Bawan,—a native fort, which Sir Henry Lawrence had strengthened, and which it was intended to hold; but subsequently it was blown up, after the retreat from Chinhut. The city police were drawn up in a line, three or four deep, opposite the gate of the Muchee Bawan; the troops inside the fort were all ready at the loopholes, and at every commanding spot.

On the day I allude to, nine wretched men were marched out of the fort gate, and their countenances told plainly that they were mutineers. Most of them were fine stout men, and they walked up to the gallows with a firm and determined step. They did not, however, remain calm. When the fatal noose was being adjusted, some begged most humbly for

pardon; others called out to the mob, and asked if there were not any good Mussulmen or Hindoos present, to save them from the cursed Feringees, or Christians? A wretched Hindoo, when about to die, called out,—“Alas! alas!—you Mussulmen caused all this!” Another poor wretch said, “Save me!—save me! I have a wife and some little children, who must starve!” The sentence had been passed, and there was now no hope for pardon; at a given signal five men were launched into eternity, and it was a melancholy sight to see the shudder that came over the four other men, who were on the gallows immediately opposite, as they saw the drop fall, and then observed five men dangling in the air before them: an instant or so more, and they were themselves in a similar position, *their* drop having fallen.

## CHAPTER III.

FOR a considerable time after the occurrences mentioned in the preceding chapter, every day was sadly marked, either by the news of Europeans having been cut up, or by the arrival of parties from the various districts around Lucknow, who came dropping in, one after another, and all looking most miserable and care-worn. The persons I allude to had, in most instances, lost all they possessed, and had managed only to escape with the clothes they had on their backs. A young civilian had a fortnight of the most *intense* anxiety ; he dare not remain in his house, as he well knew that there were people about him who wanted to take his life, and yet, as he had received no orders, he dare not leave his district to come into Lucknow. Many of the district officers were kept at their posts, as their withdrawal would have created alarm, and made matters worse than ever ; and under these circumstances, it rested with each man to

make the best arrangements he could ; and to prepare, if possible, to secure a retreat at the last moment. The gentleman I allude to managed most cleverly. He pitched several tents, and kept perpetually moving from one to another ; and as they were at some distance apart, he did not create suspicion by saying, when he left one, that he would return probably in a couple of hours or so. Thus, by a well arranged plan, this young civilian escaped with his life, after having remained at his post till the last moment ; and, moreover, being often for two whole weeks without any settled abode, deprived of rest and proper food, and on several occasions actually *surrounded* by mutineers, amongst whom he rode during the night without being recognized.

It was during these days of intense anxiety (*i.e.*, for us at Lucknow) that I was suddenly called one afternoon to join a party of volunteers, about to proceed into the district to escort a party of European fugitives from Seetapore. I was told by the person who came to me, that Sir Henry Lawrence wanted some volunteers to accompany a party of Seiks who were going out under a Captain Forbes. I did not lose a single



moment. I ordered my horse, and being joined by a Frenchman named Geoffroi, I rode up the cantonments to the Residency. It would seem that Captain Forbes did not expect volunteers, as he proposed to me that I should take charge of some elephants that were going out for the fugitives; however, I declined the honour, stating that I had come to form part of an escort for the Seetapore refugees, and not for elephants. Upon this Captain Forbes politely permitted me to join his party, or else I should most certainly have returned to Lucknow, as I had no idea of being made an elephant driver, although I was fully prepared to assist in escorting the unfortunates we were expecting.

We had not gone far from the cavalry station of Modkeepore (which is just beyond the cantonment), when we observed a body of men in a clump of trees; and on advancing further we found that we had fortunately come upon the Seetapore people, who were half inclined to think we were enemies, instead of friends, as we appeared so suddenly. There were ladies on horseback, and in various kinds of vehicles, both European and native. Buggies

were filled with children, and all the party looked tired and careworn. We were not long in escorting them to the city, where they all were put up for a day or so at the Residency, till arrangements could be made for their proper accommodation. I will now describe the Seetapore mutiny, as related to me by an officer of the 41st Regiment N. I.

“We were all very anxious about Lucknow, having heard of the Barrackpore, Delhi, and Meerut affairs. One Sunday afternoon (*i.e.*, 31st May, 1857), I saw a man mounted on a camel coming into Seetapore from the Lucknow direction. He appeared very tired, and he looked at me, and passed on; he then came back, and wanted to know if I was an officer. I said, I was; he then added, ‘The troops at Lucknow have risen, and have been chased out of the station by the Europeans; when I left, bullets and round shot were flying about,’ &c., &c. After this, the man asked for Mr. Christian’s house; and having pointed out the direction, I hastened to inform our colonel, who said it was a matter of little importance; in fact, he did not entirely believe the report.

“I had not been home an hour, when I

got an order to be ready to march with a wing of the corps towards Peer Nuggar; and when we reached the bridge there, we found that the passage had been blocked up with empty carts, by orders of Captain Sanders, who had this done to stop the mutineers advancing from the Lucknow direction. We remained there that day and the next, and returned on the 3rd to Seetapore, having heard of the mutiny of the 10th Oude Infantry. The men were, as usual, dismissed on the parade ground as soon as we came in, but I remarked that they gave a very unusual *shout* as they broke off. I never remember their having been guilty of making any such unusual noise at any former time when dismissed from an ordinary parade, and I felt rather suspicious as to what this really meant. About an hour or two after this the whole corps 'was up,' and I went and brought over my children to Major Apthorp's. The Major determined on asking Christian's advice, but poor Christian said that he did not care if *all* the regiments did mutiny; that he had 300 police and a number of armed servants and Chuprassies on whom he could *depend!!* and that he would, with these,



make 'a stand' to the last. I now thought it was better to ask our colonel if I could be of any use in the lines ; but he replied, that he was himself going with some companies to the Treasury, and that there was really nothing in all this to be the least alarmed about.

"All the officers and ladies were now assembled at the colonel's house, and in the verandah some officers were standing with guns, &c., in their hands. Just then, a soldier rushed up from one of the streets in the lines, and made a signal to us not to move ; he then ran to the rear-guard, said something, and again rushed back. The men of the rear-guard and others (some seventy in number) now assembled, and said, they would remain with us. In the meantime, the colonel rode off to the Treasury with four companies, and on the way, the Sepoys were beating their breasts, and saying, that they would *fight* to the last for their colonel, and would not permit the rascals of the 10th to do any harm. The poor old colonel, on hearing all this, turned to his adjutant, and said, 'Is it not *affecting* to see the *devotion* of the men?'

"Our colonel now formed up the companies

at the Treasury, but as there appeared no symptom of any disturbance, he was about to return; upon this, the adjutant, Lieutenant Graves, said, that he did not like the *looks* of the men; that, in fact, he did not think they would obey the order to march back from the Treasury. Just then, the colonel gave the order, 'Threes, left shoulders forward,' and at that moment, a Sepoy of the Treasury guard stepped forward, and shot him dead, and he fell from his horse. The adjutant, on seeing this, turned his horse's head towards cantonments, but had hardly done so, when a volley was fired at him. He received a bullet-wound in the temple, and his horse was shot under him; he then ran on foot for a few paces, when he fortunately met the havildar major of the 41st N.I., who gave him his pony, and thus he managed to reach the lines.\*

"We now heard a constant musketry fire; and of the seventy men who were first with us, only twenty or so remained; they had dropped off one by one, on various pretences,

\* Lieut. Smalley and the Sergeant-Major have not been heard of since; we suppose they were killed on the spot, when the colonel fell.

and Major Apthorp now offered those remaining a sum of 8,000 rupees (in the name of the officers), if they would accompany us to Lucknow; they agreed, and we started off forthwith, as there was no time to lose: as we went off, we saw the bungalows in our lines on fire, and we all were rather alarmed (when we had only got two miles), by hearing a cry raised, that armed men were following us up. We found that this was a party of nineteen men, who said they had come to protect us; we were afraid to trust them, however, so they were made to keep behind till we reached Peer Nuggar. Here we consulted as to whether they should be allowed to join us or not, and as we could not well reach Lucknow without their aid, and also as we felt ourselves a match for them, in case of any treachery on their part, we determined to let them accompany our party.

“In the distance, the whole horizon seemed to be lit up by the fires in the cantonments we had left, and we were thankful that we had escaped at least so far. Some villagers on the road, on seeing our Christian drummers, said, ‘If we had only some horsemen here, we would cut up every one of you.’ Well, we reached

Baree, and there we managed to send in a scrap of paper to Sir Henry Lawrence, to ask for a party to be sent out to escort us into Lucknow."

As far as I have since been able to glean (from people who came in), it would appear, that poor Mr. Christian was finally obliged to retreat, when too late, and he had managed to get across a river (*i. e.*, the one on the banks of which the bungalows in the civil lines were built), when he was shot down. It is reported that Mrs. Christian, on seeing her husband fall, threw herself on his body, and was cut down immediately after.

Another account I heard was, that the ladies were seen rushing from Mr. Christian's house, and that rounds of musketry were fired upon them as they ran screaming towards the river. A report also got abroad, that Mr. Christian was only wounded, and was alive up to the 8th of June, 1857. The person who told me said that he himself had escaped with his wife into the jungle, where he was chased by the villagers, and he had to pay four men one rupee each, for every coss, or two miles, to show him the road. This person also said,

that the mutineers were holding auctions in the villages to sell off the plundered property of officers, and that at these sales the rascals danced wildly about, and cried out, "See the nice things that the officers have brought for *us* from England!"

At one of the out-stations a horse was seen to gallop in, at full speed, with his flanks all bespattered with blood, and without a rider; it would seem, that some poor fellow had ridden to save his life, and had been shot some distance from his house; and that the horse, on finding that he had lost his rider, at once made off for his stable, where he arrived, snorting and terrified, and stood quite still, till seized by some natives.

When all these dreadful murders were going on in the districts around, a poor little child, of only two years of age, had escaped, while its father and mother had been killed. It would appear that the poor little creature wandered for a day or two about a large house, from room to room, calling out "Mamma," and not a soul amongst the servants would come near it; and there it might have died of starvation, had it not met a worse fate. A Sepoy recruit was



passing this spot, and on hearing the cries of the child, he entered the bungalow; but no sooner did he observe that it was the child of a *vile* CHRISTIAN, than he at once dashed its brains out with the butt of his musket.

News of every sort now began to come in from every quarter; and on the 26th of June a salute was actually fired at Lucknow, for the fall of Delhi, which event did not occur till the 19th of September, 1857. Besides this, it was said, that an attack on Lucknow was inevitable; and amongst the thousand rumours that spread over the garrison, one was, that the enemy intended to enter Lucknow, carrying setars or harps, and arrayed in marriage garments. It was stated, that they would make their appearance during the night, in palkees, at a time when such processions are mostly seen in native cities. Such reports as these were very easily believed by all the CROAKERS\* of the garrison, and vivid comparisons were immediately drawn between Troy and Lucknow; and it was said, if the former city was lost by a horse, why should we not fall by a *palkee*!!

\* A name given to individuals, who spoke in a gloomy way during the siege.

## CHAPTER IV.

WHEN matters began, day by day, to assume a still more serious appearance even than before, and murders were even more frequent, Sir Henry Lawrence deemed it expedient to enrol all the European and Eurasian writers in the public offices as volunteers, and he directed arms and ammunition to be served out to them. Some of these men were taken into the volunteer cavalry (which was also composed of officers, civil and military), and the remainder were drilled as infantry.

At the commencement, when these men were first brought together (to be regularly drilled by sergeants from Her Majesty's 32nd Regiment), the chance of ever making them act in a *body* seemed almost a hopeless task. There were men of all ages, sizes, and figures. Here stood a tall, athletic Englishman—there came a fat and heavy Eurasian, with more width across the waist than about the chest. Next to the Eurasian came another of the

same class, who looked like a porter barrel (*i. e.*, short and squat), and the belt round his waist very closely resembled a hoop. Not far off you observed an old, bent-double man, who seemed too weak to support the weight of his musket and pouch.

Such, dear reader, to a casual observer was the general appearance of our volunteers ; but we must not always judge by appearances. Amongst this awkward-looking body there sprung up, during the siege, bold, intrepid, and daring men ; and I may say, in fact, that the whole of them, more or less, did excellent service ; and, had it not been for our volunteers, we should never have been able to garrison the place. It was very creditable to these men that they so soon fell into military ways, and finally became a willing and obedient body, and fit for most ordinary duties required of a soldier. Of course there were some instances where, for marked bad conduct, punishments were absolutely necessary to keep up discipline, but such was not to be wondered at, when we remembered that most of these men had never been subject to any kind of restraint ; their only duties had been to attend



office regularly, and write during the time they remained there, and, consequently, they had the mornings and nights all to themselves ; but now they were suddenly in a very altered position, and were obliged to be present at their respective posts or guards, between stated hours, both by day and night ; and, besides, they had to do sentry duty, with firelock and belts, &c., &c.

At first some of these men did not quite approve of this sort of work ; they thought it was rather degrading to carry a musket, and they did not *see* why they should obey a lieutenant, or why they were not in every respect just as good men as even the Brigadier himself ! A few went so far as to forget themselves, and the punishment they promptly met with just quietly intimated to the others that martial law was the order of the day, and that, for whatever they now did, they were responsible to the military authorities.

However ludicrous these volunteers appeared when simply drawn up in *line*, it was positively nothing to the figure they cut when put into motion by the words of command, "March !" and "Mark time !" from the drill

sergeant. All the spectator could observe were some dozen pairs of very *indifferent* legs, simultaneously jerked out to their full stretch and then as quietly dragged back again, as if the owners of these said legs had all made a terrific kick at some very dangerous reptiles, and then thought *better* of it. It was, in fact, painful to observe the constrained attitudes of certain individuals, and amongst the number was a little man, very prim, and "stuck up," who really appeared to have led himself to suppose that the fate of all Oude depended on his placing his *left* foot as far as possible from his *right*; and it seemed that he was urged to attempt this difficult *feat* simply because a tall grenadier fellow beside him had succeeded in stretching his compass-like legs over some yard and a quarter of ground. Not long after the word "March!" came the order to "Charge!" and I verily believe that the most morose or grave person on earth could not have refrained from laughter; for whilst the little prim man was doing his utmost to dislocate both his hip joints for the good of the Honourable Company, another, with the rotundity of a beer barrel, was vainly

trying to make himself into a light infantry soldier, and had succeeded in getting up a very puffed appearance, and had bathed himself in perspiration by endeavouring to “double” a distance of some twenty yards. He looked exactly what one might fancy a “walrus” would appear in his last expiring throes !

Notwithstanding all these little absurdities, I must admit that the drill-sergeants eventually succeeded in making these recruits load and fire pretty well ; and, after all, *this* was indeed the main object, and not such an easy matter to accomplish, as very many of the volunteers had never before handled a musket, and had probably never seen a balled cartridge. Amongst them, however, there were some Europeans who had good guns and rifles of their own, and so had some of the Eurasians, and these individuals did good work with them in all the attacks. You might often see a man run out during an alarm, with a musket in one hand and a double-barrelled gun in the other, and the latter was generally reserved for “close quarters,” *i. e.*, when the enemy came up rather close to our works. These volunteers were now appointed to different outposts and garri-

sons, and from this time they commenced to do regular sentry duty. They had strict orders to challenge all persons approaching their posts, and were constantly reminded of the necessity of being "particularly on the alert," a phrase which at last became so common, that the staff officers, who came round, were always laughed at when they made use of it.

As to the further peculiarities of our volunteers, and the anecdotes connected with their first attempts at *soldiering*, I must refer the reader to the next chapter.

## CHAPTER V.

THE house I lived in at Lucknow was the one I had occupied ever since the annexation of Oude, in which province I was an Assistant Commissioner. When the buildings about the Residency were being put into a state of defence, my house was one of those chosen to become an outpost. The wall of the enclosure round it was thrown down, and a stockade was put in its place. Within this stockade was a ditch ; then a mound of about five feet ; then another deep ditch, with pointed bamboos placed at the bottom.

This little outpost was situated on the Cawnpore road ; and as we had the enemy (throughout the siege) only forty yards distant from us on the left, and some seventy to eighty yards to our front, it was one of the most exposed outworks in the place. Besides this, we were always under a very heavy fire from the enemy's guns—no less than nine cannon of sizes (from six to eighteen and twenty-



four pounders)—were in positions so as to keep up an incessant fire by day and night; and when it is remembered how *close* the enemy's artillery was planted, some idea may be formed as to the effect of their shot and shell on this building. Amongst the heavy ordnance there was a Company's eight-inch howitzer, which had fallen into the enemy's hands during the retreat from CHINHUT. This immense piece used to throw eight-inch shells clean through two walls of the house, and right *into* the only room where the volunteers and myself had to sleep.

From the above, it will be seen that this outpost was one of the most advanced outworks of the whole Residency position, it being the outer house of our left flank, facing the Cawnpore road. To our right was the Cawnpore battery; and immediately in our rear were four other little garrisons, called "The Post Office," "The Judicial Commissioner's," "Mrs. Sago's" (formerly a girls' school, called after the head mistress), and "The Financial Commissioner's;"—these were respectively to our right, centre, and left rear. During attacks, shell were thrown over our house from the



“Post Office,” and a musketry fire from “Sago’s,” and “The Judicial Commissioners,” swept our left face most completely.”

Being thus situated, we had to commence our work of “keeping a sharp lookout” for some considerable time before we were actually besieged. Field officers now began to go their rounds at night, and the volunteer sentries regularly challenged people passing on the Cawnpore road. Attached to this garrison, which was placed under my command, were eight volunteers, and amongst them were two foreigners,—one an Italian, and the other a Frenchman. The former was a Signor Barsotelli, and the latter a Monsieur Geoffroi. Both of these gentlemen behaved most admirably during the siege, and shot several of the enemy; and their conduct, in every way, was highly praiseworthy. Later in the siege, I had nine Europeans and a sergeant of Her Majesty’s 32nd Foot placed under my orders; and thus, with a subaltern officer and myself, we mustered, in all, only *twenty* men!

Before any fighting commenced, Mr. W. Capper, of the Bengal Civil Service, volunteered

to become one of my little garrison ; and he is also included in this number.

Before proceeding further, I cannot praise too much the conduct of this young civilian, whose energy, coolness, and bravery, were alike conspicuous during our weary and harassing siege. First of all, Mr. Capper went manly to work, with firelock and pouch, and did regular sentry duty as a common soldier ; and a precious good and attentive one he was. After this, at my request, he assisted me in my duties in the capacity of an officer, and was accordingly relieved from sentry duty, although we both, of course, "turned out" during every attack, with our musket and pouch. He is an instance of a gentleman putting aside all pride, and subjecting himself (for the good of the State), to all manner of exposure, danger, and fatigue, and acting under the orders of a military officer whose rank, in a civil capacity, was under his own. I am also happy to add that we never had a difference of opinion in duty matters throughout the siege. Mr. Capper was a Deputy Commissioner, at a salary of 1,000 rupees ; he had the entire

charge of a district; and he is the person mentioned in Chapter III., who managed so cleverly to elude the vigilance of a set of ruffians who were watching a favourable opportunity to take his life. I have thus far been particular to mention these three gentlemen volunteers by name, so that there may be no mistake as to whom I allude when I introduce any anecdote connected with the *other* volunteers. Whenever any of these three gentlemen, therefore, may be the subject of my future remarks, I shall mention them by name. As regards the other volunteers, of either my *own* or *other* garrisons, I reserve to myself the right of speaking of them generally; my object being simply to describe laughable occurrences, without the most remote wish to hurt the feelings of any individual. And now, having said so much, I shall proceed with my narrative.

It must be remembered that, at the commencement of the siege, volunteers kept changing from post to post, as they met friends or relatives. We, therefore, had an opportunity of seeing all sorts of odd characters. One of the very first persons who gave trouble was an

European, who had formerly been in the Company's army. I had been out dining, and on my return, I found all my servants in a great state of alarm. They told me that the "sahib," or *gentleman* (who had introduced himself only the same day), had been threatening all of them; and, moreover, that he had beaten a couple of the Eurasian volunteers, and was then marching up and down in the verandah, with a drawn sword, and behaving altogether like a madman.

On learning this, I walked upstairs, and found the *gentleman*, as described. I knew my best plan was to go up to him at once; and, in doing so, I took the precaution of edging up to his sword arm. To my great astonishment, he said nothing; but looked bewildered. He had, evidently, *been* drunk, and was now "coming round." I said,—“I understand you have been threatening my servants, and ill-treating two Eurasian volunteers.” He replied,—“I’ve done nothing of the sort. I have been doing sentry duty, as these niggers wanted to kill me. I saw what they were about,—the devils! Ha! ha!” “Well,” I added, “before saying any more, be

good enough to give me up that sword." He laughed, and said,—“Well, I’ve no sort of objection to do that,” and forthwith he handed it over to me.

I now called the two volunteers, and my servants, and investigated the case; and I found that the drunkard was in the wrong. I now told this man that I should report the whole affair, and he began to speak in rather a loud tone of voice; and this brought over a couple of stout Europeans from another garrison. As soon as they saw the man’s state, they asked permission to take charge of him till morning. I accepted their offer, and off went the drunkard.

The guard where he was taken to was a pretty strong one, so there were more sentries than at my post. The prisoner was put under a sentry, and his bed was taken over to him. He remained perfectly quiet for some time, and then suddenly raised himself on the bed, and was about to make a rush at a sickly-looking Eurasian who was sentry over him. Just then, a strong hand was placed on his throat, and when the drunkard looked round, he saw a stout Englishman standing over him. The



prisoner now began to kick and swear ; but another European came up, and whilst the drunkard swore he would kill every one about him, his arms and legs were fastened down to the cot, and a rope, doubled, was passed between his teeth, as the noise he made was enough to alarm the whole garrison. After this, the prisoner was carried, on the cot, to the main guard of Her Majesty's 32nd Regiment, and I never saw him afterwards. I heard, however, that he had become a steady man, and that the poor fellow lost his life whilst doing duty at our guns during an attack.

One evening, on account of some noise in the street, I had to "turn out" the volunteers, and whilst under arms, I observed that one man was absent. I went to hunt him up, and found him dancing madly about the room, in a bewildered state. He could not find his musket ; and then he had upset all his percussion-caps ; and, moreover, could not find his cartridges. I never saw such terror depicted in any man's countenance ; and as a sort of punishment for his carelessness, I hinted that it was just possible (if people did not keep



their arms, &c., all ready), that the enemy would rush in and cut them to pieces.

Another volunteer of the same class came up to me one day, and said, in the gravest manner possible, "What are we to do, sir, if we are charged by elephants?" I could hardly answer the man for laughing; but when I recovered my gravity, I told him that such was a difficult question to answer properly; but, at all events, whether able to keep off such huge animals or not, Government would expect each individual to *make* the attempt. The little man seemed satisfied, but his expression plainly told that he had considerable doubts in his own mind as to the ultimate chance of his ever escaping with life if exposed to such a fearful encounter!!

One fine evening before dark I had to pass the spot where a volunteer sentry was placed; he was a tall, slim, and girlish-looking youth, with an uncommonly black face. As I approached him, he shouted out, "Who comes there?" although he saw who I was, and, moreover, he knew my name. This was done, of course, to show how attentive he was to orders. I gave the usual reply, and was about to proceed, when this warlike man brought his musket down to

the charge, and said, "I'm sorry I cannot let you pass, sir, till I call the sergeant of the guard." Now, all this might have spoken very well of the volunteer had he then and there expired on the spot after such a noble deed, and nothing more been heard of him ; but, alas ! time often tells some tales that are not always very pleasant. On a very dark night, not long after this, the same individual was on sentry when a person approached his post. Now, whether from fear, or otherwise, I cannot say, but this is certain, viz., that he never halted the person as he did me, nor did he recollect that his duty was to stand firm and call the sergeant ; but, putting his musket over his shoulder, he trotted off to the guard !! Whilst conducting the stranger, by keeping well in *front*, he also kept a careful glance to the rear, to see that he did not lay himself open to an attack, and thus he led the way, and finally called out, as he reached the guard-room, "Sergeant, somebody's *come*." The sergeant replied he was very happy to hear so, and warned the brave man not to bring such intelligence for the future, and led him to understand that a sentry should not leave his post till properly relieved.

At the beginning of the siege drunkenness was, I am sorry to say, rather common amongst the volunteers, and several got into rows ; one man shook his fist in the face of an European sentry whilst in a state of intoxication, — another beat a native severely, and so on, day after day, till they were punished with severity. On one occasion a lot of these Eurasians met at the quarters of a very quiet individual of their own class, and there commenced to drink very hard. After they had expended all their grog, they called upon the master of the house to provide them with money to purchase more ; this he positively refused to do, and it ended in these drunkards upsetting all his chairs and tables, and then leaving the place, calling him a horrid miser.

It was often amusing to listen to the remarks of these volunteers during the nights we were visited by grand rounds. On one of these occasions a young fellow was in a great state of anxiety as to how he was to present arms. Signor Barsotelli, however, consoled him by saying, “Never mind, sir, make a *leetle* noise ; who’s to see in the dark ?” Another night, when our good Italian was suddenly called up

from a sound sleep, he exclaimed, "I think these grand round officers do this for their *own* amusement." However, nothing on earth could keep Signor from the steady performance of his duty. In another moment there he stood, with a musket in one hand and a double-barrelled rifle in the other, at his side was a huge cavalry sword, and pendant over his breast hung his ammunition pouch, resembling very much an Italian hand-organ. This latter part of Signor's military equipment was rather *in his way* than otherwise, but he did not exactly know where else to put it; and he was not a little pleased when told that the pouch of the English soldier is worn at the back. What with a gun in both hands, and a huge sword constantly getting between his legs, he had quite enough to do without the extra anxiety about the horrid cartridge pouch, which contained some sixty rounds of balled ammunition into the bargain.

Before closing this chapter, it may not be out of place to mention what I heard said one evening by some men of Her Majesty's 32nd Foot. They were talking about the sad death of a cavalry officer, who was killed at Modkee-

pore, on the night of the mutiny in cantonments. One soldier said, "Poor young fellow! he was hardly seventeen years of age,—so I hear." His comrade added, "I wouldn't care so much about his age; but fancy, the rascals would not let the poor fellow put on his boots—he had only one boot on when we found him." This gives a good idea of a soldier's notion as to how a person should be killed—it speaks volumes as to the true Englishman's idea of "fair play." The fact was, this honest fellow could not bear to think that the poor young officer had been surprised;—had he heard that he had been killed in fair fight, he would have certainly thought nothing of it. One of this party, whilst speaking of the siege, said, "I'm sure there'll be some wet eyes for me at home by this time,—I was such a pet at *our* house." A comrade said, "What, Bill!—you a pet? queer folks, I think, as would make a pet of you." This last remark struck me as rather laughable, as Bill was certainly a very rough-looking individual, and not one that a lady would be likely to fall in love with at first sight.



## CHAPTER VI.

MATTERS now began to get worse and worse each day, and even the men who had remained faithful to us up to this time began to be very anxious; so much so that one evening a Sepoy sentry suddenly threw down his musket at his post, and bolted away as fast as possible. He was observed by an European sentry, who fired at him, but missed him. On the 12th June, 1857, the Police Battalion stationed in the city broke into open mutiny, and marched away towards the Dil-Kushā Park. Some little delay occurred before intelligence reached the authorities at the Residency, so that the mutineers got off some considerable distance.

A party of about 200 of Her Majesty's 32nd Foot, some Seik cavalry, and a few mounted volunteers, with a couple of guns, went in pursuit. I joined this expedition, having nothing better to do. We came up with the mutineers when they had almost crossed the



Dil-Kushā Park, and found them retreating in tolerable order, but rapidly, towards a large village. The Seiks and the mounted volunteers charged over the plain; the former in a compact mass, and the latter galloped here and there after the stragglers. I daresay some twelve or fourteen men were cut down in this manner; and on our side we lost only two Seiks; and a civilian, named Thornhill, was severely wounded in the arm and breast.

The mutineer who wounded Mr. Thornhill defended himself uncommonly well for some time. He was charged by five of the volunteers one after another, but by keeping his bayonet right before his body, he managed to make each horse shy just as the rider had got to almost the proper distance to make a cut. At last, up came an able-bodied gentleman, named MacRae, who cut the fellow right over the forehead, and as he was falling, another volunteer, at the same instant, galloped past, and ran the mutineer through the ribs with his sword. Our guns opened on the retiring body with grape, but with little effect, as the distance was too great; however, soon followed round shot and shrapnell, and the

deep gaps which appeared now and then midst the mass as it moved off, told plainly that a good many had bitten the dust. It now began to get late, and the order was given for the party to return. I suppose that the loss of the mutineers in this retreat could not have been less than forty killed.

As we approached the town of Lucknow, we lost our way, and I firmly believe that the city watchmen tried to lead us into an ambuscade, as they pointed to us to take a road to our front, and when we advanced, a sharp fire of musketry opened from a lot of gardens in the immediate vicinity. The men were now halted, and most fortunately an officer of the party knew the proper road, and we at once diverged to our right, and thus entirely avoided the other route.

Soon after this, the Muchee Bawan proved to be not so strong as it was expected, and all the Government treasure was removed to the Residency. News arrived of the party under Captain Hayes being massacred. It was reported that Captain Hayes was run through the body by his own men ; that a young gentleman, named Fayrer, had his head cut off

as he was quietly drinking at a well ; that Lieutenant Barbor cut down one and wounded two mutineers before he fell ; and that Captain Carey only saved his life by the speed of his horse. Here is another instance of the *fidelity* of our native soldiers. Fancy men turning upon a few officers in this cowardly manner, and then murdering them in cold blood, without any cause whatever ! But let us not dwell over what might tempt us to call down a curse on such ruffians. Let us calmly await the pleasure of Him who hath said, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay." And in doing so, let us rest assured that He can send a balm to heal the many, many fond hearts that have suffered by all these horrid events, which it now becomes the duty of the narrator to describe to the best of his ability.

As we were at Lucknow, we had to trust of course to the reports that were brought in of these murders, and amongst them we heard also of a party having left Shahjehanpore for Seetapore, as the latter place was considered safer ; also, it would appear that they were escorted by men of the 28th Regiment N.I. As this little party approached Seetapore,

a Sepoy came running up to them, and called out "Victory! victory!" meaning, I suppose, that all the Seetapore folks had been killed, or driven away. Whereupon the 28th set to work, and deliberately murdered almost all the party. It is said that they all met death in the calmest manner possible,—that most of the ladies and gentlemen were on their knees, with their arms across their breasts, and their eyes fixed towards heaven.

On the 16th June, several rich men of the city were seized on suspicion. We heard that amongst them were some fat, portly old creatures, who got into such a horrid state of alarm, at the idea of being hung, that they humbly prostrated themselves on the ground, and vowed they were quite innocent. After this, when some of them got off, it was said by the natives that they had attempted to leave the city with all their wealth, but were followed out by some of the Lucknow rascals, and killed on the road. We heard also that the Nānā's men at Cawnpore had an idea that the whole of the European intrenchment was mined; and it was said by the natives that the Bithoor Raja (*i.e.*, the Nānā) intended to

drive a couple of hundred asses towards the intrenchment at night, and that he fully believed the Europeans would consider it an attack, and blow up their mines, after which he fancied he could safely rush in and take the place. Some of our private servants now became alarmed, and most of them began to run away, and we were put to great inconvenience. On the 28th June, at 2 o'clock a.m., the rains regularly set in, and the change was pleasant.

On the 30th June, a party consisting of some 300 of Her Majesty's 32nd Regiment, some 24 volunteer cavalry, 150 Seiks and Hindostanees, with an 8-inch howitzer, and eleven field guns, moved out to attack a large body of the mutineers at a place called Chin-hut. Our force went up the road in column, with the howitzer and other guns in advance. The mutineers had taken up a very strong position; their centre formed a sort of semi-circle across the road, and their right rested on a grove, and their left on an intrenched village, in which they had some guns; there were also a couple of guns right in the enemy's centre, and pointing down the road our troops went



up. The intrenched village to the right was full of men; the body in the centre was undoubtedly very strong; and the grove to the left was filled with skirmishers.

As our attacking party approached the enemy's position, the Europeans were formed into a sort of line on both sides of the road. The enemy at once opened fire with their guns, situated on the road, and our 8-inch howitzer immediately returned the compliment. The first two shots from the enemy's guns killed a havildar of artillery and a horse. On this, the native artillerymen took our guns down a slope into very bad ground, and they were got out with much difficulty: and during the fight some of our native artillerymen, with their guns, also went straight over to the enemy, and this, of course, caused much alarm and confusion.

After a little delay, however, these guns were got out of the broken ground, and brought to bear on the intrenched village to the enemy's left, from which the enemy also returned a sharp fire. For about twenty minutes a constant discharge of musketry was kept up from both sides; and in the meantime an officer



rode up with orders for the troops to the left of the road to move up to the grove. This was done, and the Europeans kept up a sharp fire on the enemy's skirmishers, who were posted there. From some unaccountable cause, our troops to the right were seen to retire; those on the left, at the grove, now commenced to fall back, and on reaching the road, they found all the rest had gone. This seemed the signal for a regular retreat, and such it really became. The volunteer cavalry faced about, and fronted the enemy several times, and did good service; the Seiks and Sepoys with the party both behaved very well indeed, and kept up a fire, as they retreated, on the enemy. The splendid 8-inch howitzer and three guns fell into the hands of the enemy, who rapidly followed up our retreating force. This sad affair cost us no less than the lives of 112 men of Her Majesty's 32nd Regiment, and five officers; and had the cavalry of the enemy done their duty, very probably not a single man would have returned, as the distance they retreated was between seven and eight miles.

This disaster was caused by Sir H. Lawrence having been deceived by his spies. He had no

idea that the enemy mustered so strong ; and, moreover, he was urged to send out this party by people at Lucknow. I understand that he regretted this step up to the day of his death ; and there is no doubt the thoughts of this sad disaster affected his general health. Gentlemen who were out say that the mutineers mustered between six and seven thousand men. Some even went so far as to say that their force amounted to nearly double this number. But, notwithstanding such fearful odds, and the fact of our native artillery having deserted us, some officers seem to think that the enemy were in retreat themselves when our force retired ; and many now believe that, if we had only taken out European gunners, we should at least have been able to retire without much loss. The men of Her Majesty's 32nd Foot did all they could ; but I fancy the force they had to fight was far too strong for them, even under the most favourable circumstances ; and, as for the enemy being in retreat, such is most unlikely, as they followed our men very close, and the greater part of the soldiers who fell had not a single wound, but were completely exhausted, and

deliberately laid down on the road to be killed, as they positively were dying of thirst and over-fatigue. Alas ! alas ! that such good, brave souls should have perished in this manner !

So soon as our troops reached the Iron Bridge, one party went off to the Muchee Bawan, and the remainder came into the Residency : all the men were completely knocked up, and looked most miserable. The enemy kept up the pursuit, and we were now really and truly besieged at Lucknow. The gates were shut, and our guns opened. The mutineers soon filled the streets, and came howling up close to the outposts, where we were all ready for them ; they also forthwith commenced getting guns into position.

At my garrison a sharp fire was kept up from our loopholes ; but the enemy brought a gun to bear on the pillars of our verandah, and soon brought it down with a terrible crash. Mr. Capper happened to be in the verandah, and was firing out of a loophole, when a shot struck one of the pillars, and down it came. This gentleman was buried under some three or four feet of masonry, and, wonderful to say, he came out almost unhurt. There was, I

fancy, no other such wonderful escape during the whole siege as this, and Mr. Capper has every reason to thank Providence for having his life spared in such an extraordinary manner. As the immense beams of the verandah were falling, they were suddenly checked by a single stout beam (which had been raised about two feet from the floor of the said verandah, and formed a step for the volunteers to fire off), and in the interim Mr. Capper's head, most fortunately, got under the space between this beam and the verandah floor, so that the other beams came down at a slant, instead of flat. When we heard that he was buried, we all rushed to his assistance, and heard only a low voice, saying, "I'm alive! Get me out! Give me air, for God's sake!"

Some one remarked, "It's impossible to save him;" upon which Mr. Capper's voice was heard to proceed, as if from a vault, saying, "It *is* possible, if you try."

We set to work at once, and a long and tedious affair it was. First we had to displace huge pieces of masonry, and, as we did this, the broken bricks and lime kept filling up the little air-holes, and poor Mr. Capper was con-

stantly obliged to call out for "more air." During this time, be it remembered, the enemy kept up an incessant fire of round shot and musketry on the spot, knowing that we were working there; and all we had to protect us was about six inches of the wall, that just covered our bodies, as we lay flat on our stomachs, and worked away with both hands. After labouring for three-quarters of an hour, and when we were all quite exhausted, we managed to get the whole of Mr. Capper's body pretty free; whereupon we set to work to get his legs out, and it was some little time before we could enable him to move his lower limbs. Throughout all this, a corporal, named Oxenham, of Her Majesty's 32nd Regiment, behaved most nobly, and exposed himself considerably, so as to expedite the work of digging out our unfortunate volunteer, whose appearance amongst us seemed like as if one had risen from the grave;—we fully expected, *at least*, to have found that all his limbs had been broken; whereas, on the contrary, he had merely a few bruises, and felt faint.

On the 1st July, the whole force at the Muchee Bawan was withdrawn into the Resi-



dency, and this affair was arranged uncommonly well. The ammunition was all collected in one place; the guns were spiked and damaged as much as circumstances would permit; and at a given signal (at midnight), the force marched out, whilst a slow match, attached to a train leading to the magazine, was lighted. Just as our men reached the Residency, a magnificent explosion took place, and Muchee Bawan was instantly in ruins. Strange to say, not a single man was wounded when this movement took place, although the mutineers were in possession of the whole city, and had been firing on the Residency and the Muchee Bawan throughout the day. The officers and soldiers lost all their property, as no baggage could be removed; and the best proof that this movement must have been managed well, is, that the enemy were not aware of what was being done.

After our troops had retired down the road, the enemy seemed to have gained an inkling of what had occurred, as they brought some guns, but it was too late; two round shot came screaming down the street, and hurt none, as our men had now reached

the Residency gate. Some little excitement took place, as the gate was locked, and the person who had the key could not be found for a little while; and during this trying period, the troops outside fancied themselves in rather an awkward position; and so they might have been, had cavalry been in pursuit!

As our men were leaving, a soldier of Her Majesty's 32nd Foot was lying intoxicated at the Muchee Bawan. A sergeant tried to get the man to accompany him, but to no purpose; all he got were harsh and angry words. He therefore told the man that if he would not come away, that *he* could not wait to be blown up or killed by the enemy, and then he left him. Strange to say, the next morning, the drunken man came into the Residency. He was quite naked! and when asked how he had escaped, he replied,—“Sure I didn't see e'er a man in the place.” How the poor creature ever managed to get in, is a perfect miracle;—the streets must have been lined with men;—but, perhaps, in the darkness, and as he was naked, they may have mistaken him for a mendicant, as some of this class do wander about in this indecent manner, when not checked by our police.

## CHAPTER VII.

WE were now, to use a slang expression, "fairly box'd up" at Lucknow. A man could not show his nose without hearing the whiz,—whiz—of bullets close to his head. The shots, too, came from every direction; and when a poor fellow had nearly jerked his head off his shoulders in making humble salutations to passing bullets, he would have his penance *disagreeably* changed into a sudden and severe contortion of the whole body, to avoid a round shot or shell. So soon as a man left his post, he had no time for meditation, his only plan was to proceed rapidly,—in fact, to walk slow, at some places, was very, very dangerous,—and many a poor fellow was shot, who was too proud to run past places where bullets danced on the walls like a handful of peas in a frying-pan.

I had no less than five horses shot in the enclosure about my house: two of them were my own. The servants who attended them all ran off so soon as they saw that matters

had reached this fearful state, so the poor animals were left without any person to give them water or food. Some were wounded, and others were almost dead. To go near them was impossible by day, and at night it could only be managed with difficulty. At last some of the horses died, and the stench was so fearful, that, to prevent a pestilence, we were obliged to drag them away, and throw them into a well. Those that were wounded, we had to get out as well as we could, and let them loose into the city. One poor horse of mine had his leg broken; I had, therefore, to creep upon my hands and knees to cut the rope he was fastened by, and then I found the poor brute could not walk. However, no time was to be lost; so I got a person to prick him up in the rear, whilst another pulled at the head-rope; thus, on three legs, and actually hopping along, this poor horse was driven out of the place. All we dreaded was their dying, and our having no means of removing them. My poor little pet dog, whilst playing about the place, was shot through the bowels, and came running up, yelping most piteously, with the blood gushing from the wound. A tame pigeon,

too, as it hopped about at the doorway, had its head shot off. I have merely mentioned these little circumstances to show how dangerous it was to go much about, as bullets came from all sides.

Soon after the falling of the verandah upon Mr. Capper, the cannonade on the whole upper part of the house became so severe that we were forced to leave the upper defences for want of cover, and retire on the lower story. Just before this, I was firing from a loophole on the stairs, when a round shot came and carried away a large piece of masonry about a foot above my head. The bricks flew all about me, but I was not hurt. At about the same moment, another shot carried away the greater part of our parapet, and went clean through the body of one of our Seiks, who was also in the act of firing. The poor fellow never moved; the shot had made a hole of four inches in diameter in his chest, and had passed through his back. It was now high time to look to the lower defences, as we had no place where we could fire from in the upper part, as round shot and shell began to sweep the whole of the top rooms from end to end.



Now the only room in the lower story, which was fit for us, was occupied by a huge Eurasian and his wife; but rather than put these folks to any inconvenience, I remained in a passage with the volunteers and some Seiks, as uncomfortable as any one could be. Our miseries had now, indeed, begun in real earnest; we had no place to either bathe or dress; and to cook food was impossible, as we had no servants. We therefore subsisted, for some little time, on biscuits, sardines, &c., &c. Both of these individuals were fond of the bottle, and when "in their cups," they were like cat and dog. The man used generally to get sleepy, and retire to his couch, whilst his wife became dreadfully loquacious. This lady, I beg to state, did not address me; her conversation was with the Eurasian volunteers; but I had the benefit of it all, having no place to sit in but the passage, where this horrid female persisted in coming, much to my disgust. First of all, she would give all the dark gentry about her a full and *true* account of her parentage; and though we well could see that she had never been out of India, she used to talk of her "dear Ireland." Then came a long

description of all the gentlemen who had made love to her before she had reached the shady side of forty ; and, finally, we had the interesting description of all the difficulties that her fond husband had to surmount before he was honoured with her hand and heart. She would tell us, too, that her husband was not *dark*, oh no,—he was only sunburnt ;—but if we did not believe her, all we had to do was to bare his arm up to the elbow, and we should find it like snow.

But this was not the only way in which this horrid woman was disagreeable ; she used sometimes to get the real “blue devils,” and then she would beat her bosom, and tell the Seiks on guard that we should all be cut up ; that no troops could come to our assistance, &c., &c. At last, she got so bad, and was such a perfect nuisance, that I reported her conduct, and got both her and her husband removed from our garrison. Had she remained, she would probably have made every Seik desert from us, by reason of all her gloomy conversations. I had, I found, been rather considerate at first to this class of people, who do not appreciate the principle of “*suaviter in*

*modo*,"—they require also the "*fortiter in re*," to keep them in some sort of awe of the persons they are supposed to be placed under.

We were now surrounded, night and day, by all the city blackguards, as well as the mutineers, and they must have been very numerous, if we may judge by the uproar they made. On one occasion, as we were turned out on account of some alarm at night, I heard a soldier say to another, "I say, Bill, I'm blow'd if these here Budmashes\* don't yell like so many cats." Bill replied, "Yes, they do, and I only wishes I was behind them with a tin pot of *biling* water as they opens their d—d mouths." Another European, who was close at hand, and had been quite distracted by the incessant noise of one of their war clarions, remarked, "I only wish I had a *holt* of the black rascal as plays that; I'd not kill the vagabond, I'd only break that infernal *hinstrument* over the bridge of his nose."

Having the enemy always so close to us, we were obliged to be constantly on the alert, and it became absolutely necessary to visit the sentries several times in every hour throughout

\* Rascals,—men of bad reputation.

the night. Our poor men were very hard worked, and had often to go on sentry duty after, perhaps, digging in the batteries, &c., &c., for a couple of hours before ; on this account we had to make every allowance for their being both tired and sleepy ; but, nevertheless, as the lives of the whole garrison depended on the vigilance of the outposts, it became an officer's bounden duty to keep the men at their work. One night I observed a sentry who certainly seemed asleep ; he had his head bent down on his breast, and he did not challenge me as I came up to his post. I watched him for a little, and then, to give him a chance, I called out, "Sentry," in an under tone ; the man started ; but so soon as he observed me, he quickly recovered his self-possession, and said, quite calmly, "I was just thinking, sir, how sad it is that one half of the world does not know how much the other half suffer." I must admit I was not prepared for such a philosophical remark from a sentry ; and as he was a good, steady soldier, I did not press the matter further ; more particularly as the attitude I found him in *did* admit of his having been in a state of deep thought !! I remained, and had

a little talk with this man, and I found he was a "character." He told me that he had previously been called by his comrades "a man of a pleasant temper;" but that grief had made him surly and morose. He had lost his wife and a little girl, and when these were taken from him, he said he began to hate all mankind, and became a cross-tempered individual. "Ah," he exclaimed, "you never saw such a queer, old-fashioned, wee thing as my little daughter was, sir,—it was just like me, and that's why I liked it so much; the poor little creature used to know me so well, and run after me, calling out "Papa;" and the soldiers used to say she was the very image of me. I used to *love* that child, sir, and when it died, I became a wretched man, and cared for nothing." Another night I caught another sentry asleep, and I told him that he would be reported; the poor fellow was in a great state of alarm, and after making all kinds of excuses, he said, loud enough for me to hear, "D——n that *great coat*, it was *it* as caused all this." The fact was, he had made himself rather too comfortable, and thus had fallen asleep. I really felt very much for the men of Her Majesty's 32nd Foot; they cer-



tainly had hard work, and much exposure ; besides this, the men were not strong, and many of them, rather than remain in hospital (when really ill), used to come on duty when they could hardly stand. I once or twice actually insisted on poor fellows returning to hospital ; all they used to say was, " Well, sir, in these times every man must do his best." Some poor creatures looked more like ghosts than men, so much were they reduced by dysentery, fever, &c., &c.

## CHAPTER VIII.

ON the 1st of July, 1857, Sir Henry Lawrence was mortally wounded by the explosion of a shell, and that great man lingered till the 4th, and then died. His death cast a sad gloom over the whole garrison, and many a stout heart began to feel anxious as to how matters would be conducted after the demise of one in whom all had trusted. From this till the 10th of August I have little to say,—each day was marked by the usual occurrences, and the fire of the enemy was as usual. On the 10th of August, 1857, however, the enemy, in immense numbers, made a general assault on our position, and we fought them till two o'clock, p.m. The attack was made with greater determination than any before, and upon all sides at the same moment. To describe every paltry attack would be impossible ; all I attempt to give is a fair and honest description of what took place at our post, leaving the description of other attacks and assaults on other places to those who had to defend them.

The enemy, after collecting in immense numbers, advanced upon the Cawnpore Battery and our post ; they came on with a rush, and nine men actually pushed through our stockade, and reached the mound in front of our inner ditch. They had fixed bayonets and trailed arms, and ran with their backs bent to avoid our fire as much as possible. No sooner did these men make their appearance, than they were met by a tremendous fire from the men of my outpost and the Cawnpore Battery, as also by a flank fire from the "Judicial Commissioner's," which was commanded by a brave officer (Capt. German, of the 13th N. I.) who commanded Seiks and also volunteers of the Uncovenanted service. I think I may safely say, that not one man of these nine escaped. During all this, a heavy cannonade was kept up on both sides, and I never saw such a musketry fire in any of the battles in the Punjab.

After these had been knocked over, the leaders tried to urge on their men. Again and again they made the attempt, but back they had to go by a steady fire. Their chiefs came to the front, and shouted out, "Come on, come on,—the place is ours,—it is *taken*." And the

Sepoys would then rush forward, then hesitate, and finally get under cover of the stockade, and keep up a fearful fire. Some hundred of them got under the Cawnpore Battery, but found the hand-grenades rather disagreeable, and had to bolt rather sharp. Poor Major Banks came up, and cheered us during the hottest fire, and we were glad to see him. Our shell now began to fall amongst the enemy, and this still further roused their indignation ; you could hear additional *yells*, and horrid imprecations on the heads of all CHRISTIANS. No less than three times were we assaulted by enormous odds against us, and each attack was, thank God, successfully repulsed. There we were, a little body, probably not eighty men in all (*i. e.*, Cawnpore Battery—our post, and Capt. Geron's) opposed to several thousands of merciless, blood-thirsty fanatics. We well knew what we had to expect if we were defeated, and, therefore, each individual fought, as it were, for his very life ; each loophole displayed a steady flash of musketry, as defeat would have been certain death to every soul in the garrison. Had the outposts fallen, they were in such immense numbers that we could never have turned

the enemy out, and *then* not a man, woman, or child, would have been spared. It was, indeed, a most anxious time, and the more so as we did not know how matters were progressing at other points. We dreaded that the others might have been even further pressed than we were. At intervals I heard the cry of "More men this way," and off would rush two or three (all we could possibly spare) here and there; and then the same cry was repeated in an opposite direction, and again the men had to rush to support their comrades who were more hotly pressed, and so on; as the pressure became greater at particular places, men rushed to those spots to give assistance.

During this trying time even the poor wounded men ran out of the hospitals, and those who had wounds in the legs threw away their crutches, and deliberately *knelt* down and fired as fast as they could out of the loopholes; others, who could do little else, loaded the muskets, whilst the able-bodied soldiers fired; and in this odd manner these brave men of Her Majesty's 32nd upheld the honour of their nation, and strained every nerve to repel the furious attacks of the enemy.



Two very determined rascals came up close to the wall of the battery, whereupon Capt. Green, of the 48th N. I., shot them both in the face with two discharges of little bullets, and they went off howling fearfully. A standard-bearer was very conspicuous, and he was fired at by at least a dozen individuals,—some say he was blown up almost at the same moment by the explosion of a shell, whilst others assert that, when he fell mortally wounded, another mutineer seized him by the belt, and threw himself, with the body of the wounded standard-bearer, over our stockade.

During all this I was commanding six men of Her Majesty's 32nd Foot on the outside of my house, at the place between the Cawnpore Battery and my post ; and as my presence was required, I went in and out of the battery, and fired my musket whenever I had the best chance of hitting the enemy. It was thus that I saw the whole of what I have now attempted to describe.

In the interior of my garrison the truly brave and heroic Mr. Capper and a subaltern officer kept the volunteers at their loopholes, and every man did good service during the attacks

by keeping up a constant and rapid fire on the enemy. Monsieur Geoffroi heard one of the chiefs say, "Come on, brothers, there's nobody here;" upon which he replied in a loud voice, "There are *plenty* of us here, you rascal." And as a further proof of his assertion, he shot the leader dead, and followed up by sending a bullet into another man, who was close behind him. Our good old friend, Signor Barsotelli, got very excited as the enemy rushed past the stockade. He said to the Frenchman, "*Son dentro per Dio,*" in Italian—"They are in, by G——." However, he did as he had always done before, he placed himself in a good commanding position, and then asked the officer in command if he should *fire*,—his expression generally was, "Here we *dominate*,—shall I *strike*?" All this time he was, probably, standing at a loophole, with his eye fixed on the sight of his musket, and his body in such an attitude that any one could see he was full of determination.

- On this memorable 10th of August both Signor Barsotelli and Monsieur Geoffroi killed several men, and did good service; in fact, I knew not any one in these garrisons who did not behave well; and in such a fight as this, the

difficulty only would be, to find the man who had NOT shot down at least one or two of the enemy. A pretty good idea may be formed as to how our fire told on the mutineers, when it is stated by the natives, that their loss on the 10th of August was 470 men *killed*; out of this, they say, that full 100 fell opposite the flank we defended. It was also stated that the standard-bearer was pierced by seven bullets, and that a Moulvie,\* who urged on the mutineers, was shot through the hand. As a general rule, more than double the number of men are wounded to those that are killed; so the loss of fighting men on the enemy's side must have been very, very great on this occasion; and they learned such a severe lesson, that they did not try another attack till some time after.

It is quite impossible to form any idea of the exact number of the enemy; some say 20,000, and others 40,000 men† were around us on the 10th August; all I can say is, that I saw quite enough soldiers to convince me that a kind and merciful Providence alone saved us on that

\* A learned man.

† I heard after, 100,000 men, and 107 guns.

fearful day ; we were but as a drop in the ocean, when compared with the enemy, and we only held the place by a perfect miracle.

I have omitted before to state, that on the afternoon of the 29th July we heard guns close to the outskirts of the city, and every one expected to see our troops come in ; but, alas ! we were doomed to be disappointed. On the 30th, a beautiful peacock came and perched on our ramparts, and there plumed its feathers ; it remained a little while, and then flew across our position. Some of the soldiers wanted to shoot it, but I told them not to destroy a bird of good omen ; had I not spoken, the bird would have been made into a mess in less than ten minutes, so anxious were the men for some change of food.

From this time, every day became more and more tedious, and good old faces began to disappear gradually and gradually each day ; here, a week before, you saw fourteen men laughing together ; to-day, the number had dwindled down to ten ; a day or so more, and you remarked *one* less ; then another, and another, till you were positively afraid to ask for a friend. I have seen men in hospital, and

have left them doing exceedingly well. I have sent them books to read, &c., &c., and on going a day or so after, I have found another sick or wounded man in my friend's cot, and have been told by a patient, "that the gentleman, who laid *there*, was buried last night."

Sad, sad indeed is the feeling one experiences on such occasions ; each man, as he parts for the night, has considerable doubts as to his seeing his friend in the morning. A friend comes in, and says, "Have you heard the news?" You say *No*, and he continues—"Poor So-and-so was looking out of a loophole, and was shot through the head ; young So-and-so was hit last night by a round shot, which carried away both his legs, and there is no hope for him ; but the worst of all is, that So-and-so was hit by a round shot, and the whole of the back of his head was carried away, the skull was quite empty, and the poor fellow's brains were dashed all about a gun, close to which he was standing." Now all this is very fearful for a man to hear at every hour of the day, besides seeing every now and then the body of some poor fellow carried away to hospital, who has, perhaps, been conversing with you a few minutes



before. A great many men were killed by standing incautiously at the loopholes ; some would fire, and then look out to see if their shot had taken effect, when a return bullet would kill them on the spot. I saw one poor fellow, of Her Majesty's 32nd, who was killed in this way, but he was not the only man ; I was close beside him at the time, and warned him to be careful, and not to stand opposite the loophole after firing ; however, he forgot what I said, and in a few seconds after, he fell back, with a groan, quite dead—a musket ball had entered his eye, and passed through his brain ; poor fellow ! we soon picked him up, only to find that the pool of blood under his head plainly indicated that his life had left him, and horrid to relate, we saw bits of brain amidst the gory flood, about the spot where he fell.

## CHAPTER IX.

WE are now in the month of August, and no signs of relief; the heat, too, is intense, and we have no servants to pull our punkahs. Dead bodies are decomposing in all directions outside the entrenchments, and the graves in our churchyards are so shallow, that the whole air is tainted with putrid smells; now our torments commence in real earnest. We are pestered to death by swarms of great, *cold*, clammy flies, which have probably been feeding off festering corpses in the vicinity; we cannot read, sleep, or eat our food, with any degree of comfort. We had only one Madras boy between five of us to do all the work, and he fell ill with fever; we had, therefore, to chop our own wood, prepare the fire, cook the food, &c., &c.; besides this, we had to wash our own clothes, and perform (each in our turn), the lowest menial duties. A nice state of affairs for folks who are generally termed officers and gentlemen? but so it was, and there was no help for it; our little

garrison was so exposed, that not a servant would stay there, whilst other people in the place had as many as six and seven servants throughout the siege!!

In the midst of all these miseries (when, perhaps, in the very act of cooking!) you would hear the cry of "Turn out!" and then you had to seize your musket, and rush to your post. Then there was a constant state of anxiety as to whether we were *mined* or not; and we were not quite sure, whilst we were at a loop-hole, that we might not suddenly see the ground open, or observe the whole materials of the house fly into the air by the explosion of a mine!! Shells came smashing right into our rooms, and dashed our property to pieces; then followed round shot, and down tumbled huge pieces of masonry, and bits of wood and bricks flew in all directions. I have seen beds literally blown to atoms, and trunks and boxes were completely smashed into little bits. When an 8-inch shell exploded in the room, you could not see anything for several minutes, and all we heard after was the cry of individuals, asking each other from opposite directions, if it was "all right?" and now and then a poor fellow

would be seen to creep out of a heap of lime and bricks, and say, "I'm not hurt, thank God."

I recollect, one day, after the bursting of a shell, Signor Barsotelli looked for his trunk, and found that it had been *blown up* completely. He now wished to have a little fun, so he called his Madras boy, and said, "Where is my trunk?" The boy went off, and looked in the corner, where the trunk always stood, but found it not; he could not understand this, so he came with a face of astonishment to his master, and said, "Trunk not got, sir." Signor pretended to be angry, and said, "Not got a trunk, you rascal, where is it?" In the meantime, some one drew the lad's attention to some bits of wood in the corner, which were all that remained of Signor's trunk, and the boy's face brightened up, as he said to his master, "Before, trunk got, sir—*now*, not got—shell break him."

Signor Barsotelli was both a clever and polite man. On one occasion, he had an opportunity of examining a person's head, having been requested to do so, as he had studied phrenology; now, whether he observed that there was some-

thing rather mild in the person's temperament or not, I cannot say, but he calmly said, "I observe by your head, sir, that the organ of combativeness is not largely developed. I think you would be well suited for a "Justice of the Peace." Whether Signor had his doubts as to the bravery of the individual, from what he observed in his manner, or whether he really judged by his head, it is, of course, difficult to determine; however, this is true, that the unfortunate was a soldier, and as such, he must have felt a little disappointed to find he wanted what a soldier most requires.

Again, as regards Signor's politeness, he had been terribly annoyed for some time by a person spitting a perfect puddle close to where he sat. Signor was very, very uneasy for a little, at last he got up, and brought a spade full of earth, and as he threw the contents on the pool of saliva, he said, "Excuse me, sir, I vomit." If this little act, and these few impressive words, had not the desired effect, I know not what would have better tended to prevent a repetition of the filthy trick which had quite upset the Signor's equanimity.

These are simply the day occurrences, which



were followed by the long, dreary nights. We would sit for hours, expecting every moment to be attacked. Officers would come round, and say, in a solemn manner, "The Brigadier requests you will be *particularly* on the alert." Here and there, by the glimmer of a miserable lamp, you observed the pale, care-worn faces of half a dozen volunteers. One man loading his musket, another looking at his pistol, and a third filling his cartridge-box. One of the party would presently shoulder his musket, and go off to stand on sentry, whilst another dived down into our mine, to see that the enemy were not getting *under* our house. Presently you would hear the sudden cry of a sentry calling out, "that the enemy were advancing." Then came the rattle of musketry, followed by the cry of "Turn out!" on all sides. Now, you hear the grape strike against our batteries and earthworks; the musket bullets fly over in showers; round shot come through our walls; and loud above all you distinguish the sound of the enemy's clarions," and numberless bugles blowing the "advance." Now and then, midst the roar of artillery, you could hear elephants trumpeting as they were

made to drag heavy guns from position to position, and the change of direction of a *shot* immediately after told plainly that the enemy had moved a gun. We remained perfectly quiet too, generally, so that they might not know how many we mustered. We let them fire away, and waited patiently to listen if they were creeping through the long grass that grew all around our intrenchments, and strained our eyes to *see* in the darkness. Every now and then we *fancied* we saw the figure of a man, and then it seemed as suddenly to disappear. Sometimes the moon, shining on the leaves of the castor-oil tree, used to look like men's turbans, and more than once we were induced to fire at them. Every now and then you heard orders given to load the guns with "grape" *over* the "round shot," and our men would be seen running for hand-grenades, &c., to be all ready in case of a rush at our position. In the meantime you would see little streaks of fire passing rapidly over your head, and some seemed as if they were coming right *down* upon you. Then you suddenly heard a loud report, and the cry that followed told you our shells were bursting

amongst the enemy. Soon you heard a sharp whiz over your head again, and you would see a huge splinter of a shell bury itself in a wall close to you, or probably plough up a foot of the earth close to where you stood, so that often we were in as much danger of being killed by our own shells as by the enemy's shot—these splinters often come back some hundred yards.

Sometimes, in the dark nights, single men used to creep up to see what we were about, or else, probably, to try and spike our guns—the sentries, therefore, had always to keep a sharp lookout. Now and then a dog got on the top of our mound, in front of the inner ditch, and the sentry would fire, whereupon the yelping of the wounded animal used to astonish the whole of the guard, and set all the dogs in the garrison barking; they would collect from all the houses in the vicinity, and rush down upon the unfortunate one, and try to worry him to death, and so soon as the strange dog bolted off from whence he came, all the others followed him; and what with the growling, barking, and noise (as they rushed through the outer stockade), they com-

pletely confounded the enemy, who thought, of course, that the vile infidels or Christians were upon them ; and starting wildly from their sleep, they commenced to abuse each other, and then to fire off their muskets in every direction. It was perfectly wonderful to hear the jabber they set up. One would say, "Don't you see they are coming? Look out." Another would reply, "Who are you, to give me orders?" The first speaker would then say, rather mildly, "Well, do as you like, the 'Sahib log' (*i. e.*, gentlemen) will soon come and cut your head off." The other would reply, "Well, do you think they are likely to spare *you* more than *me*?" This conversation would last a little while, till the man who had got the order to be on the alert lost all patience, and would then say, "Come, come, if you are going to threaten me, I shall run off to the hills." The other then would say sharply, "Do you think you'll be safer in the hills than anywhere else? Why, they will chase you all over the face of the earth." One rascal would cry out, "You go on, brave man that you are." The other would say, "No, good brother, *you* go first." The first would

say, "There are hardly any of them left;" and his comrade would add, "Well, you try it first—go on." Such little talks generally concluded by both rascals getting into a rage, and calling each other cowards; and then they would keep quiet for perhaps the remainder of the night, but not before the noise of a few dogs barking had really frightened them out of their senses.

Before our first reinforcement arrived, our Sepoys in the inside had constant conversations with the mutineers. Our men would say, "What have you got now for being so unfaithful? You had much better disperse." The mutineers would reply, "What can we do? If we go to our homes, the Feringees (Europeans) will hunt us to death; it is better to remain here and die." Then they would say to our men, "Leave the infidels, and come out; we'll give you good food, and plenty of it." Our Sepoys would say, "We have eaten the Company's salt,—we cannot break faith with our masters, like you have." This answer exasperated the mutineers, who would say, "You are as bad as they are; you have become vile Christians; but, never mind, we



are off to kill all the men of your reinforcement; and when we return we will pay you off; we will not spare a single man."

Very often, when these conversations were going on, our Seiks used to call to their officers just to listen to the manner in which they were "drawing out" the enemy. Once, at an outpost, a fellow came up and tried to make our Sepoys go over to the enemy; there was a sharp young sentry on duty, and he quietly kept the man in talk whilst he called another of his guard, and said, in a low voice, "Knock that chap over;" which was no sooner said than done,—thus putting an end to the conversation in rather an abrupt manner.

Throughout the siege the mutineers lost no opportunity to try and make our Sepoys desert, by telling them that they would starve us all to death, if they could not take the place; and they tried to make them believe that the English were beaten all over India, and that there was not the least hope of our obtaining any relief. And there was so much delay in our reinforcement arriving, that many began to believe what they said; and had the relieving force been much longer in coming to our

assistance, I am afraid that even the fidelity of our brave native troops might have been shaken. I feel sure that every man felt fearfully disappointed at the delay in obtaining relief, and the poor natives would have probably been more tortured than the Europeans, and the enemy carried our position. It was splendid to see how very willingly the Seiks worked at our mines, and to observe their alacrity in turning out during every attack.

## CHAPTER X.

IN addition to all I have endeavoured to describe in the preceding pages, we had to endure the melancholy sight of seeing the clothes, &c., of dead men sold by public auction. The property of deceased officers was also sold off in this manner; and it was sad, indeed, to observe so much *appearance* of actual mirth and jollity displayed by many who were present. How very little we all seemed to reflect on the truth of the words, "In the midst of life we are in death." Here you saw the coat of your friend "put up" and tried on by one and then another; now and then, too, you heard the passing joke of the crowd as to its being a "*good fit*," &c., &c. How little did many there think that probably the next auction would be over their *own* clothes, and that, too, within the space of only a few days.

In the army strong affections must naturally exist; and yet men, in such circumstances, appear to act very oddly—it would seem that

the dearest friends were forgotten the instant that the link of friendship is broken by death. To-day you see two men walking together, as fond of each other as mortals can be, and in a day or two after you hear that one has been shot dead ; and should you happen to attend the first sale that takes place, you may perhaps see the remaining one bidding hard for his *friend's* boots !! Yet, for all this, there is, in reality, no want of affection. If you take the same man quietly aside, and mention his friend's name, it is more than probable that you will see his eyes fill with tears : why, then, this sudden change ? The fact is, that men in such positions do in reality look forward to the final separation by death as very near and probable. Their comrades fall on all sides, and day after day the same rites are performed, and the corpse is speedily conveyed to the grave ; and whilst the mourner is at the height of his grief, he hears that another person has just lost as dear a friend as himself. If a man, therefore, has any real affection, no one of the crowd can possibly know his grief—all are supposed to be suffering as well as himself (who have lost friends), and the world is the last place to turn

to when consolation is wanted—to do so, is to parade one's own sorrows, and to be called a hypocrite. When a man in a siege, therefore, purchases any portion of another's dress, he is supposed to do so from *necessity* alone. For instance, a round shot dashes out a man's brains, and bespatters all his clothes with blood ; yet men are, from necessity, obliged to buy these very articles, having perhaps hardly any warm clothes ; and at the same time, poor fellows, they are quite prepared to part with them on the same terms. Men seem to purchase such clothing to form their own winding-sheets ; for you may often see the same articles exposed for sale before the last purchaser has had time to get them washed. At such periods there is little time for cool and calm reflection ; all is anxiety of the worst description ; there is a sort of constant pressure to the *front*, a disinclination to dwell for a moment on the thoughts of the present, and an irresistible desire to fathom futurity. Your dearest and best friend has no coffin—a mere coverlet alone probably forms the wrapper in which the dear body is committed to the earth. Death places his cold hand in the morning, and the remains



of your beloved are hurried away for burial by sunset the *same* day. As you approach the graveyard, you observe probably half a dozen other unhappy individuals, all waiting with *their* dead for burial. The clergyman now has completed the service, and the bodies are laid in rows,\* and soon follow the awful words, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust." "Alas! alas!" you exclaim—"Am I thus to leave all I loved on earth?" "Am I now to be for ever separated from one I loved so fondly?" Dear reader, it may be a wife, a sister, a brother, or a friend, for whom you mourn. Far, far away from all the dear one loved—separated from parents, sisters, and brothers, and doomed, alas! to be buried in *this* manner. Oh! could the fond mother have seen her child at such a time, it would have broken her heart. Could she have seen that pale, pale face become thinner and thinner each day; could she have known that the child she nursed so tenderly was now alone amongst strangers; or, if not alone, per-

\* The churchyard was such a dangerous spot, that graves had to be dug at night. It was entirely commanded by the enemy's fire, and men had to work very quietly: for this reason it was impossible to get separate graves for each corpse.

haps only watched by one quite distracted by sorrow. There was no kind sister or mother either to soothe the poor sufferer or the mourner; none, probably, but strangers to watch the calm patience and endurance of the dying person. Whilst others of the same family were laughing over a fire in dear England, there was one of that very circle who was lying in a most helpless state on the bed of death!

The poor dying exile! What a hard fate! With no servants, no comforts, and hardly any food suited for a sick person. There lay a dear wife, trying to the last to console her husband. She probably says, "I am *better* to-day;" and in a few seconds after, the head falls back, the eyes close, and death has snatched away his victim. You follow the corpse to the grave, and you listen attentively to the clergyman giving some consolation to the distracted husband. Suddenly you hear a rushing sound, and find that a heavy charge of grape-shot has just swept across your path; the enemy are on the alert, and have fired a cannon, on hearing the sound of voices in the churchyard. You return with the husband only to see

deeper into his misery : here are two little children, crying for their mother ; one is dying for want of nourishment. The mother being no more, the child must die, as no nurse can be procured. Something must be done ; but yet there is a want of the proper food, and you see the poor little infant decline, day after day. Now, you see the poor little creature *gasp* for breath ; it has become a perfect little *skeleton* ! What is to be done ? You rush for the doctor, and the poor father looks distracted. Where is the fond mother's hand to soothe the babe ? What is this in such and such a box ? Good God ! it is the poor mother's dress ! The husband wants some little piece of clothing, and knows not where it is to be found. Some kind lady now assists him, and with tears in his eyes he searches all the boxes. Alas ! this is indeed a sad, sad sight. How neatly the poor man finds everything packed away. How many little things remind him of his good, fond wife. A few days more, and the baby is dead also ; and then you proceed a second time to the graveyard ; you see the poor husband turn to drop a tear on the fresh grave of his wife, and at

the same moment a bullet hits the ground at his feet. You are warned that there is, indeed, little difference between the dead and the living; you feel there is no security in life. The passage to the grave is really like passing from one room of a house to another. We are hid from each other by a mere partition for a time, and we have the power to meet again if we like. All that you wonder at is, why some people should have to suffer so much more than others in this world? and if these trials are sent as a punishment for sin, how is it that those who are the most innocent are the first to suffer? babes, and mothers too, who seem so pure and so gentle.

Those who have seen what I have described, will ever after be the more charitable in judging of those around them. There is no rule by which to form any correct idea of the affections of men; our whole life is a perpetual series of changes; and love, in all its phases, is continually being acted upon by the various incidents of time, place, or position.

How apt we are to take dislikes to men without any just reason! How fond we are of urging ourselves to keep up some *old* ill-

feeling ! We are not inclined to make any allowances for our fellow-creatures, although we see what they have to suffer ; but death comes to us all, and if we do not *now* forgive, the day may come when we may *regret*. We say to ourselves to-day—"Ah ! they escape the wrath of God—they enjoy themselves—and *we* alone suffer bitter anguish." But do *we* feel the least sorrow when others are suffering ? and do we ever consider that when some have enjoyed a few days of happiness, that they are doomed to undergo *years* of misery ?



## CHAPTER XI.

MATTERS now were just as usual ; there was never a single day or night without firing (cannon and muskets), and when we expected rest after *real* attacks, we were kept under arms from constant *false* alarms ; an order would come round to be "all prepared," as a large body of the enemy had been seen on the move ; we remained *belted* and ready for hours, but no new enemy came in sight ; all we saw were the rascals at their batteries, as usual, and every now and then we heard the "Advance" or "Assembly" sounded ; after standing to our arms for several hours, we got the order to take off belts. This was most harassing to the men, as they had quite enough work without having to attend to false alarms.

Even the little children in Lucknow now began to think like soldiers, and they became, as it were, fond of the "game of war." I heard one urchin, of four or five years, say to another, "YOU fire round shot, and I'LL return shell

from *my* battery." Another, getting into a rage with his playmates, said, "I hope you may be *shot* by the enemy." Others (playing with grape-shot, instead of marbles) would be heard to say, "That's clean through his lungs;" or "That wants *more elevation*." These young scamps picked up all the expressions of the artillery, and made use of them at their games.

In these days the Roman Catholic priest and Signor Barsotelli used to have most earnest conversations as to the manner in which we were ever to get out of Lucknow. Signor would say, "Well, Father, if *you* have to retire down a *mile or two* of road, with loopholed houses on both sides, you must drop that gown, or the enemy will *catch* you." The priest would laugh, and say, "We will see." Signor would add, "But you must take a musket, and fight the *whole* way with *us*." The priest did not seem quite to understand the necessity for this, but added again, "Well, we shall *see*."

A happy time has now arrived, so we will leave the Padre, and state, that on the 25th September, 1857, General Havelock arrived with reinforcements, and it was with anxious

hearts that we listened to the reports of his guns. The advance was slow and steady, till just as it was getting dark, when *in* rushed a body of Europeans into the Ballie Guard gate, midst the din of shouts and cheers from the whole of the garrison. Oh, what a joyful day for *us*; we were *saved*!

The Europeans seized hold of all the new comers, and embraced them, and the night passed in asking repeated questions about what had taken place in the "outer world" since we were besieged.

There was, doubtless, many a prayer offered up in secret for our merciful and wonderful delivery; and many a heart was relieved of a sad burden of anxiety on that memorable night. I recollect hearing Monsieur Geoffroi say (so like a Frenchman), that if he *could* he would *kiss* the very first man of the relieving force who came in his way. How some of our rough old soldiers would have appreciated this, it is difficult to say!! God, in his mercy, had brought relief when we were almost *without* hope; and I trust that all of us were sincerely thankful for such a very wonderful delivery. To understand what we felt, it is necessary to

alter the state of affairs. If the *enemy* had entered, every man, woman, and child would have been put to death. We were ordered *never to surrender*, and we were, one and all, determined to die sword or musket in hand. After the Cawnpore massacre, no man would have agreed to treat with the rebels on any account.

On the 1st October a force, consisting of some 500 men of various European corps, was ordered out to attack some guns in a garden to the left of my outpost. I was directed to place myself under the orders of Colonel Napier, to act as a guide, and to point out to the men where our outposts were. A Mr. Phillips, a brave old volunteer, took our force out into the main street; and when we got to the place leading to the garden, he accompanied one part to the left, and I took the remainder up through the houses to the right. After running up a very narrow lane (whilst a few of the enemy fired down upon us from the tops of the houses), we reached a doorway, which I felt sure led into the line of houses we wanted to drive the enemy out of. I felt convinced of this, as the place was one from which I had,

throughout the siege, observed the enemy pass towards the garden. We had a private, of the name of Hunter, with a pickaxe, and several others of the 32nd and other corps with us. Dawson, a private of the 32nd, with Hunter of the same corps, were not long in smashing in the first door. Dawson and the rest of us immediately rushed up some steps inside the house, and then came upon another door fastened in a similar manner. We broke it open in a few seconds, and then found a clear road through the houses.

The enemy never waited to cross bayonets, but retreated on the garden, closely followed by our party. We found their water-skins (mussuks) full, just as they had been using them, and fires lit, &c., &c. Dawson had the activity of a lamplighter, with the boldness of a lion. He dashed on, although I called repeatedly to him to wait till the other men got up, as I had heard orders distinctly given for no advance to be made by the assaulting party till the *reserve* had occupied the houses in our rear, as they were taken. Dawson, however, was not to be stopped; and I did not wish to see the man go alone, so I went also, although I felt it



was imprudent. I was not commanding, but merely a guide.

Well, when we got up together to a narrow passage, we found the enemy in great force, and they beat the charge, shouted, and tried to form up to drive us back. At this moment there were only five men, including myself, up; the rest were all pretty close, but threading their way through the houses. I at once made all present bring their firelocks to the charging position, and cover the narrow passage. The rascals on the enemy's side dare not advance a single step, though the yells they gave were horrible. We waited for some time, and were soon joined by the rest of our men, who were close on our heels, and then it was all right. That brave fellow, Dawson, of the 32nd, again rushed off, unobserved by me, and presently he came running up, breathless, and said,—“Come here, sir, and I'll show you *one* of them.” I followed him, and, sure enough, there was a fat Pandey (a slang name given to the Sepoys who mutinied), lying dead, with his heels towards us. He had advanced, unknown to us, with some twenty others, to our left, to try and get round our party; but

brave Dawson *alone* stood in a gap of a broken wall of a house, and drove them all back by his steadiness in shooting down the foremost man amongst them. Had I been placed in command, I might have had to check, even further, a man who had no fault but being *too anxious* to get on, without seeing how he was supported ; and I am glad I had not to do so.

After this I went back to look for the rest of our party, and I came upon Colonel Napier, of our left party, and took him up to the spot we had first got up to. The Colonel advanced, and we came right under the enemy's guns. They fired grape, but as the guns were high above us, they did us no harm whatever. Seeing that they could not dislodge us, they commenced a heavy fire of bricks and clods of earth ; one of these struck me on the forehead, and cut my nose, and brought me to the ground. I was soon surrounded by a lot of the Europeans, and after getting a little water, I was all right. Colonel Napier and the officer commanding the Highlanders came to the decision that to assault the batteries at that spot was utterly impracticable ; so these officers contented themselves with planting strong guards,

and holding the position during the night. The next day, as will be seen hereafter, the garden was taken. General Outram had told Colonel Napier that the men were to get 10,000 rupees if the place were taken that day, but there was no order to advance further ; *had* there been, Dawson would have been one of the first into the batteries, as he was *mad* to get on. I really cannot speak too highly of this noble 32nd man. I was struck with his cool determination ; and really as he rushed through the houses, I more than once dreaded that some of the rascals might hide, as they generally do, and then fire at us as we passed. I fancied, too, that they would not have left such a place, from whence they might have been driven at any time, from its proximity to our outposts, without having it all mined, and ready to blow up at a minute's notice.

## CHAPTER XII.

ON the 2nd of October, 1857, the garden, in which the guns were, was taken, but the enemy had carried off the 8-inch howitzer. A drummer of Her Majesty's 32nd, named Conway, a mere boy, presented his musket at a huge Sepoy, and the man then fell on his knees, and begged for his life. The boy said in an authoritative voice, "Come along with me," and then *placed his hands on the prisoner*, and marched him off, and, on meeting an officer, he said, "Here, sir, is a prisoner I have taken."

On the 3rd of October, General Outram inspected my outpost, and said he was much pleased with our work during the siege. In the part of the city occupied by our reinforcements, a sentry was placed over a house to prevent plundering. An officer was walking off with some china cups, whereupon the sentry said, "I cannot allow you to pass *here*, sir." The officer was about to put the articles

down, when the sentry said, "There is no necessity to do that, sir, if you step just to the right, there is a door *without* a panel. I am not over it. One fellow said to another, "I say, Jem, I am blow'd if these here Bud-mashes havn't gone and brought back two of their d—d guns. I'm blessed if they wont have this here *old* bungalow down upon us *this* time." The other coolly replied, "Well, let 'em bring them—only the more for us to take, that's all." This was just after a sortie, and when these guns had been supposed to have been spiked or destroyed.

On the 6th of October a lot of new rebels joined the enemy. A guard of the 41st N. I., under a havildar, came quietly into a room close to where our guards were; they piled arms, and were taking it very comfortably, whereupon the Europeans rushed upon them, and killed every man. They had, in fact, no idea that our outpost was so close. In fact, the room was our guard-room, that had only just been taken, and the Sepoys fancied it was, as usual, occupied by their own side.

Private Cooney, of Her Majesty's 32nd, and another man went into a battery, and spiked



some guns. As they rushed up, they called out, "Right and left extend;" and the Sepoys hearing this, fancied there was a strong body, and bolted off. A man, being asked what he got as plunder, said, "Devil the happerth we got, sir, but an *ould* cock and a hen—oh yes," he added, "we *did* get a Sepoy or two."

A Sepoy, when caught, tried hard to be spared, but a European said to him, "You black rascal, do you think we are going to carry your ugly face all over the face of the blessed earth?" Saying this, he ran him through with his bayonet.

18th October, the enemy made a feeble night attack. Twenty men advanced to our stockade. Capper killed a man, I think, on this occasion. He fired four times.

14th November. Commander-in-Chief advanced from Alam Baugh.

16th November. The Commander-in-Chief had got possession of the city. We were driven from the very gates of the Khizer Baugh, or "palace." A person was most conspicuous on this day, as we looked from our intrenchments. He was mounted on a "white horse," and was everywhere. We all felt very anxious for this

man—he was in the hottest fire. We found out afterwards it was the Commander-in-Chief.

We left Lucknow on the night of the 22nd November, 1857, at midnight, in *silence*; and as we left our outposts, the rascals were firing on our outer walls. We got safe out, without the loss of a single man. The whole thing was most splendidly arranged by the Commander-in-Chief.

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I have throughout this narrative endeavoured to give as many little incidents as possible, so that the Public may be able to judge as to what did really occur in the garrison. I am much indebted to Brigadier Inglis for what he has been pleased to say as regards my little post and its defenders; but, nevertheless, there are many little matters which, in justice to the men of Her Majesty's 32nd, and the volunteers of the post under my command, I felt I ought to publish. It was utterly impossible for the Brigadier to know *all* that happened at the outposts, during each day of such a long siege; but still the relations of those concerned may wish to know *some* of the particulars. It may even be some little

consolation to those who have lost their dearest friends or relatives to know that the hardships were such that they can see what the chances of escape *were*, and they will have the satisfaction of knowing that the names of those who fell will ever be remembered with respect.

I have omitted many names, as the actual particulars are not necessary ; it is painful enough for relations to know that those dear to them fell doing their duty, without being told how or where the fatal shot or bullet took effect.

There are many brave men, too, whose names I shall ever remember. Colonel Palmer, who visited us so regularly, and cheered us up with his conversations. No man in the garrison was more active than the Colonel, or did more to find out everything that was done. Poor, good Fulton, assisted us on every occasion, and did his best to help us to prevent the enemy blowing up our post. There are, also, the names of Innes and Anderson, of the Engineers, whom we must ever remember with sincere respect and feelings of gratitude ; both of them were ever ready to assist us, and did their utmost to keep our mines in proper

order. I more than once recollect Innes sitting at the mouth of our mine, all ready to light the train, should the enemy press us too hard. Then the names of Tulloch and Ward are very familiar to us; they often came to do what was required, and to see that we were all right. How often have I had to ask Ward "to get a shell thrown!" and many a time I have had to send messages, through Tulloch, to both Anderson and Innes, when anything was required of the Engineers, *i. e.*, just as he came to see us, and inspect the works of the enemy. Poor M'Cabe of the 32nd, how often that man assisted us! He used to come both by day and night; and he more than once threw hand-grenades from our upper rooms upon the enemy, who were working not twelve yards off by our ditch.

Captain Etchhill also used often to come and see us, and many a pleasant conversation I have had with him when he was in command of the Cawnpore Battery. He is, indeed, both a kind and a brave officer, and was always cool and determined. I could mention many, many more, but what is the necessity? All the people of Lucknow well know who did their

duty, without any feeble efforts of mine to help in saying so. I trust the officers I have mentioned will pardon the liberty I have taken in entering their names ; and I feel sure, if they are annoyed, they will see that I have only done so with the best motives, namely, of sincere friendship and regard. It is impossible to be in such a siege and not feel respect for those who fought side by side with you. I commenced with the desire to hurt the feelings of not a single individual. If I have failed, I am exceedingly sorry.



## NOTICES BY THE PRESS.

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A PERSONAL JOURNAL OF THE SIEGE OF LUCKNOW. By Capt. R. P. Anderson. Edited by T. Carnegie Anderson. (Thacker and Co.)—Captain Anderson was among the most distinguished officers who defended Lucknow against the rebel army. He is mentioned with brilliant commendation in the despatch of Brigadier Inglis. This brief narrative is picturesque, and contains accounts of some remarkable incidents not elsewhere described. It may be read with interest as a supplement to the volumes of "A Staff Officer" and Mr. Rees.—*The Leader*, March 6, 1858.

Captain Anderson, 25th Regiment Native Infantry.—This officer was assistant commissioner at Lucknow when the outbreak took place. His house was within the Residency enclosure, and was formed by Sir H. Lawrence into an outpost, defended by a stockade, ditch, and mound. Here this officer, with ten men of Her Majesty's 32nd and ten volunteers—in all twenty men—successfully defended this small fortification from the daily and nightly attacks of the enemy, whose position was only forty yards to the left, and about ninety to the front, with nine guns, varying from an 8-inch howitzer down to 24, 18, and 6-pounders, during the whole siege—viz., from June 30 to Nov. 22; on one occasion during a day attack the enemy penetrated the stockade of this gallant little force, but were every one shot down before they could get out. Foremost amongst them was their standard bearer. Captain Anderson lost his wife and one child, entirely from the want of the necessaries of life. One little boy, however, survives, three years old; and this interesting little hero got so used to the blazing away of the guns, that during the voyage home, when the ship's guns were fired, and all the other children were frightened, this little fellow clapped his hands and hurraed. The only wonder is that any one of this band of heroes survived the attack, riddled as their *castle* was by the continued fire of the enemy, and many of them were killed and buried beneath the floor of the house they so long and so faithfully defended. After the relief of Lucknow, Captain Anderson volunteered and joined General Grant's force, in pursuit of the Gwalior rebels, after their retreat from Cawnpore, and served with General Grant till sent home on sick certificate. After General Havelock entered Lucknow, Captain Anderson was engaged in a sortie under Colonel Haliburton, 78th, and in taking five guns was knocked over and hit, but not severely.—*The Standard*, March 6, 1858.

## NOTICES BY THE PRESS.

Captain Anderson, of the 25th Bengal Native Infantry, was assistant commissioner at Lucknow. When the outbreak took place, his house was within the Residency enclosure, and was formed by Sir H. Lawrence into an outpost, defended by a stockade, ditch, and mound. Here this officer, with twenty men, successfully defended this small fortification from the daily and nightly attacks of the enemy, whose position was only forty yards to the left, and ninety to the front, with nine guns, varying from an 8-inch howitzer down to 24, 18, and 6-pounders, during the whole siege, from June 20 to the 22nd November. On one occasion, during a day attack, the enemy penetrated the stockade of this gallant little force, but were every one shot down before they could get out. Foremost among them was their standard bearer. Captain Anderson lost his wife and one child, entirely owing to the want of the necessaries of life; one little boy, however, about three years old, survived. This interesting little hero got so used to the firing of the guns, that during the voyage home, when the ship's guns were fired, and all the other children were frightened, he clapped his hands and hurrahed. *The Morning Star, March 6, 1858.*

Captain Anderson's volume is a pleasant gossiping affair; and the story of the siege is not complete without it. We have already culled from its graphic pages.—*Morning Star, March 8, 1858.*

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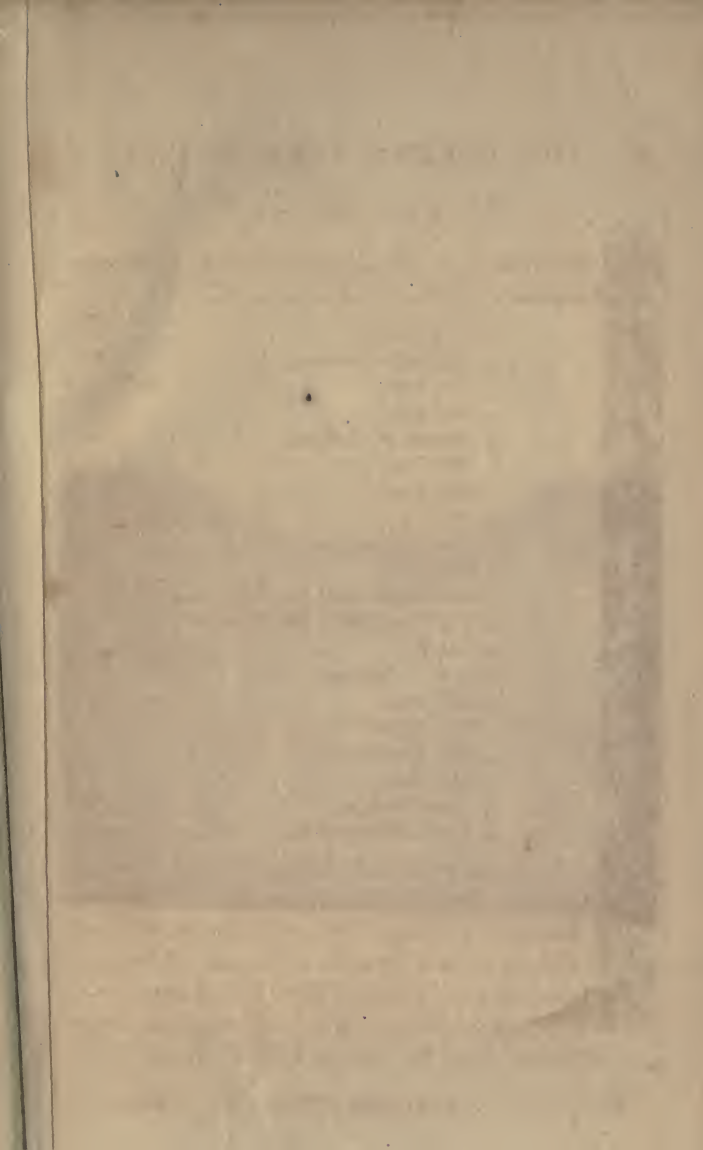
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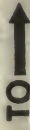
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